

# TOC H JOURNAL

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## AN ARMISTICE ANTHOLOGY

ON November 11 at eleven o'clock time will once more seem to stand still. Countless wheels will cease on the instant to turn; the roar of traffic will be suddenly hushed; in offices and factories and schools, in densely crowded streets and in solitary fields, men and women will stand motionless to remember—what? Thousands there are still among us whose memories will be very clear and concentrated and poignant—the sound of the last fusillade in the front line, abruptly cut off; the incredulous feeling—scarcely yet daring to be certain—that the four years' ardour and suffering were done with; faces and voices of friends who had passed over; a telegraph-messenger at the door with news that one man was dead. But a very great number, already, have no such inescapable memories for Armistice Day. Every year to more and more people the Great War will become but a rumour of "old, far-off, unhappy things and battles long ago." Even the portraits of our own Elder Brethren begin to look a little old-fashioned to the eyes of younger Toc H members. *With proud thanksgiving let us remember them*—how should some of us remember men we never knew?

"Pre-war" and "Post-war," to those of us who have experienced both, are two different worlds, separated by those Four Years which stand in our remembrance by themselves, unique, the decisive period of our lives. Yet no such division of the story of mankind is more than a convention: the story and its actors goes continuously on. Greed and selfish ambition and obstinate fear which led the nations inevitably (for the wages of sin is death indeed) to the War, have led them since the War to the brink of the present crisis. And as the faith and courage of ordinary men could face and overcome the darkness and danger of the War, so again our own faith and courage can be sufficient for the present emergency, which is no whit less dangerous and dark. Those men were of our own kind: we know them because we know ourselves. We can be proud and thankful to remember them—if to remember means a determination to be like them, to be as worthy as we can of the best of them.

It would be easy to compile a war anthology of hatred, blasphemy and horror, but it would not help anyone now. Against that dreadful background let us rather set, even in fragmentary fashion, some of the gallantry and truth which redeemed the darkness. The words which follow are, in the main, those of men who, being dead, yet speak to us. Their message is for ourselves and our day.

This little Anthology is indebted to many sources, particularly to Donald Hankey's *A Student in Arms* (Arnold, 1st Series, 1916; 2nd Series, 1917), to *War Letters of Fallen Englishmen* (Gollancz, 1930) and its precursor, *Kriegsbriefe Deutscher Studenten* (1928).

## They Believed in Their Cause

*"Happy is England now" :*

There is not anything more wonderful  
Than a great people moving towards the deep  
Of an unguessed and unfeared future ; nor  
Is aught so dear of all held dear before  
As the new passion stirring in its veins  
When the destroying Dragon wakes from sleep . . .

Whate'er was dear before is dearer now.  
There's not a bird singing upon his bough  
But sings the sweeter in our English ears ;  
There's not a nobleness of heart, hand, brain  
But shines the purer ; happiest is England now  
In those that fight, and watch with pride and tears.

JOHN FREEMAN.

*This supreme Thing :*

The world is progressing towards the Kingdom of Light, and we are put into this world to work in this world, and by our work to help it to progress. Nothing matters in comparison with taking part in this supreme thing.

CHRISTIAN CARVER, Lieut., R.F.A. Died of wounds, Flanders, July, 1917, aged 20.

*"The Cause is good" :*

"Come, for the cause is good, stout heart, strong hand,  
England needs now. Death—for your native land?  
The cause is good!" . . . .

Poor hackneyed words! We heard them once again  
From dying lips, teeth clenched against the pain.  
For thus he spoke, and so his loss is gain,  
"The cause is good!"

CYRIL WINTERBOTHAM, Lieut., 1/5 Gloster Regt. Killed in France, August, 1916.

*A Christmas message home :*

As light in darkness, so I believe, in spite of all, in you, my German country. And when Spring comes to the nations, Peace again, I will work in you and for you, with all the powers I can give, with my whole heart and will and understanding.

. . . . God surely knows whether He will unite me with my young brother in the soil of France or whether He has other things in store for me. He is God of the world's history—and we are all his little fellow-workers. How fine that is! My dears, I ought to have done more in my life, but Life has been well worth while. And now for a man to wager his whole self on his people, his fatherland—that is worth while, great, too great not to make the hardest things easy.

(*The last note*) I am lying on the battlefield, shot in the stomach. I think I must die. Am happy to have a little time yet to get ready for my passing over. Thank you, my dear father and mother. God keep you!

JOHANNES HAAS, German student. Killed at Verdun, June, 1916, aged 24.

## They Trusted God

True religion is betting one's life there is a God.

*From DONALD HANKEY'S notebook, May, 1915.*

### *Christ in Flanders :*

We had forgotten You, or very nearly—  
You did not seem to touch us very nearly—  
Of course we thought about You now and then :  
Especially in any time of trouble—  
We knew that You were good in time of trouble—  
But we are very ordinary men . . .

Now we remember ; over here in Flanders.  
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—  
This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.  
We never thought about You much in England,  
But now that we are far away from England,  
We have no doubts, we know that You are here . . .

LUCY WHITMELL. Died at Leeds, 1917, after long illness.

### *" Look up ! " :*

. . . The power of being cheerful is worth much fine gold, and it helps on others no end. Without it no man can attain to leadership, whether in thought or deed. And leadership, each in our own degree, is what we are put here for after all. I don't know what you feel about what is called—with a sort of semi-aversion—religion. I find, in this sort of job, that I have to pray, and pray good and hard, otherwise one could not keep going. One must look up, and the God one looks up to is a God of Hope, and the Kingdom, a Kingdom of Light and Happiness. . . . Wherefore, oh, my brother, be happy, for it is your job . . .

CHRISTIAN CARVER, Lieut., R.F.A. Died of wounds in Flanders, July, 1917, aged 20.

### *God stays firm :*

Anyhow, there is always God. That stays firm. And if He is Love, it must be all working out somehow, but how sad He must be sometimes, when even a little little heart like one's own nearly bursts with pity ! . . .

T. P. C. WILSON, Capt., Sherwood Foresters. Killed in France, March, 1918, aged 29.

### *" Perfectly simple " :*

It is a curious life, but, I think, on the whole, a good one. I think the happiness of people is caused by the feeling, conscious or unconscious, that there remains very little to be done, not with regard to the war but in their own lives. You can do no more nor less than obey orders, and nothing happens by chance. Everybody has his own piece to do, and apart from that he is free. But the whole thing is trust and faith. Trust in yourself, trust in authority, and finally, trust in God—in the ultimate goodness and completely satisfactory explanation of everything—and we shall say, " Of course ; how perfectly simple ! "

CHARLES GARTON, Capt. Killed in France, September, 1916, aged 24 (from a letter at Mark I).

*All well :*

This place is terrible hell, but I am more at peace with God and man than ever I have felt before in my life. So long as there is but one man left in England who will help these boys into the Light, all must be well.

GILBERT TALBOT, Lieut., Rifle Brigade. Killed in Flanders, July, 1915, aged 24.

*Homecoming :*

Severely wounded, I lie on the battlefield. Whether I come through, lies in God's hand. If not, shed no tears; I go happy to Him. I greet you all once more from my heart. May God soon bring Peace to you, and to me a blessed Homecoming. Jesus help me! It is easy to die so.

EDUARD BRUHN, German student. Killed in Russia, September, 1915, aged 25.

*"The Happy Warrior" :*

Six days after this the Student knelt down for a few seconds with his men—we have it on the testimony of three of them—and he told them briefly what was before them: "If wounded, 'Blighty'; if killed, the Resurrection." Then "over the top." When he was last seen alive he was rallying his men, who had wavered for a moment under the heavy machine gun and rifle fire. He carried the waverers along with him, and was found that night close to the trench the winning of which had cost him his life, with his platoon sergeant and a few of his men by his side.

(Donald Hankey's sister writes.)

Assuredly "A Student in Arms" was the "Happy Warrior," if ever there was one. He did not seek the glory of arms, though he obtained it. Still less did he seek the glory of letters, though it is plain for all who have eyes to see that it was his. He did seek the glory of God, and it is his. He is now God's soldier.

(The Editor of "The Spectator.")

## They Learnt Discipline

*Moral courage :*

Self-reverence, which can be based only upon high aspirations and high ideals; self-knowledge, which combines the courage to face facts, the patience to accept them, the constancy to turn them to good account; self-control, the offspring of self-denial and self-discipline. We are too much inclined to think of war as a matter of combats, demanding above all things physical courage. It is really a matter of fasting and thirsting; of toiling and waking; of lacking and enduring; which demands above all things moral courage.

SIR JOHN FORTESCUE in his *Handbook on Military History*, 1914.

*The supreme test :*

It is when he comes to the supreme test of battle that the fruits of his training appear. The good soldier has learnt the hardest lesson of all—the lesson of self-subordination to a higher and bigger personality. He has learnt to sacrifice everything which belongs to him individually to a cause that is far greater than any personal ambitions of his own can ever be. He has learnt to do this so thoroughly that he knows no fear—for fear is personal. He has learnt to "hate" father and mother and life itself for the sake of—though he may not call it that—the Kingdom of God on earth. . . . I hope that some of the discipline and self-subordination that have availed to send men calmly to their death in war will survive in the days of peace, and make those who are left better citizens, better workmen, better servants of the State, better Churchmen.

DONALD HANKEY ("A Student in Arms"), 2nd Lieut., Warwickshire Regt. Killed on the Somme, October, 1916, aged 31.

### *Discipline—and self-discipline :*

I am all in favour of making my platoon (*i.e.*, when I get one) do any amount of extra work. I found there were any amount of lazy men in the ranks, and I shan't be content till they have shown up the rest of the Battalion. I don't think we can do much better than give them a modified Boy Scout training. My half-dozen Scout boys whom I left behind in Stratford (*i.e. the Trinity Mission in East London*) were one of the joys of my life . . .

This feeling of *esprit de corps* can only be surpassed as a moving force by a *sense of confidence* in one's leaders. A leader alone by his own personal life can inspire this. If he sweats his men he must be prepared to sweat himself twice as much. If he wants to get the best out of his men he must set them the very best standard himself. And by leading as far as possible an exemplary life he will be doing his best to inspire confidence in his men.

TOM ALLEN, 2nd Lieut., Irish Guards. Killed in France, February, 1915.

### *True till death :*

"Copy of authentic orders found in a Pill-box at Passchendaele on its re-capture. The Australian machine-gunners who had occupied the position lay around—~~dead~~":

1. This position will be held, and the Section will remain here until relieved.
2. The enemy cannot be allowed to interfere with this position.
3. If the Section cannot remain here alive, it will remain here dead, but in any case it will remain here.
4. Should any man, through shell-shock or any cause, attempt to surrender, he will remain here dead.
5. Should all guns be blown up, the Section will use Mills' grenades and other novelties.
6. Finally the position will be held as stated.

*The copy, made by a soldier during the war, hangs in Talbot House, Poperinghe.*

### *They Loved Life*

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,  
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.  
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,  
And sunset and the colours of the earth.  
These had seen movement, and heard music; known  
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;  
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;  
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended . . .

RUPERT BROOKE, R.N.V.R. Died in the Aegean, St. George's Day, 1915.

### *The best fun :*

. . . I have not washed for a week, or had my boots off for a fortnight . . . It is all *the best* fun. I have never felt so well, or so happy, or enjoyed anything so much. It just suits my stolid health, and stolid nerves, and barbaric disposition. The fighting-excitement vitalises everything, every sight, and word and action. One loves one's fellow-men so much more when one is bent on killing him. And picnicking in the open day and night (we never see a roof now) is the real method of existence.

JULIAN GRENFELL, Capt., 1st Royal Dragoons. Died of wounds, France, May, 1915, aged 27.

### *Romance :*

We men are never content ! In the dull routine of normal life we sigh for Romance, and sometimes seek to create it artificially, stimulating spurious passions, plunging into muddy depths in search of it. Now that we have got it we sigh for a quiet life. But some day those who have not died will say : "Thank God I have lived ! I have loved, and endured, and trembled, and trembling, dared. I have had my romance."

DONALD HANKEY.

### *The joy goes on :*

You remember that I told you when I was going that nothing worried me so much as the thought of the trouble I was causing you by going away, or might cause you if I was killed. Now that death is near I feel the same. . . . I know that one of the ways I live in the truest sense is in the enjoyment of music. Now, just as the first hearing of the (Brahms) *Requiem* was for me more than an event which passed away, so I would like to hope that my love of music might be for those who love and survive me more than a memory of something past, a power rather than can enhance for them the beauty of music itself. Or again, we love the South Down country. Now, I would hate to think that, if I died, the "associations" would make these hills "too painful" for you, as people sometimes say. I would like to think the opposite, that the joy I had in the Downs might not merely be remembered by you as a fact in the past ; but rather be, as it were, transfused into you and give a new quality of happiness to your holidays there. . . . Will you at least try, if I am killed, not to let the things I have loved cause you pain, but rather do get increased enjoyment from the Sussex Downs or from J—singing folk songs, because I have such joy in them, and in that way the joy I have found can continue to live.

ARTHUR GEORGE HEATH, Lieut., Royal West Kent Regt. Killed in France, October, 1915, aged 28.

### *Life is good :*

But here, when I go alone on guard, it comes over me like this :—No, you will not, you must not die. You have a whole life still before you : you wanted to begin it and now will you let it end ? The soldier's life has made me strong—a little rougher, a little harder than before, but all the more for that I feel every faculty stir in me. What isn't there yet in the world to achieve, to fulfil and to enjoy ! And shall this consciousness of strength and joy come to nothing ? All my life till now I have sat on a school bench and learnt things wise and foolish—always learnt, achieved nothing, created nothing, and shall the chance now go by ? . . . No, I feel I shall have something yet to do and say in life : there will be Peace and a new life also for me, with young, fresh powers, with faculties undimmed, with obstacles and conflicts and cares. . . And now—"O queen, life is beautiful indeed !"

HANS MARTENS, German student. Killed in Russia, July, 1915, aged 23.

### *Nunc Dimittis :*

I have seen with the eyes of God. I have seen the naked souls of men, stripped of circumstance. Rank and reputation, wealth and poverty, knowledge and ignorance, manners and uncouthness, these I saw not. I saw the naked souls of men. I saw who were slaves and who were free : who were beasts and who men : who were contemptible and who honourable. I have seen with the eyes of God. I have seen the vanity of the temporal and the glory of the eternal. I have despised comfort and honoured pain. I have understood the victory of the Cross. O Death, where is thy sting ? *Nunc dimittis, Domine !*

From DONALD HANKEY'S notebook, June, 1915.

### They Feared Not Death

Very few men are afraid of death in the abstract. Very few men believe in hell or are tortured by their consciences. They are doubtful about after death, hesitating between a belief in eternal oblivion and a belief in a new life under the same management as the present; and neither prospect fills them with terror. If only one's "people" would be sensible, one would not mind. . . . Personally, I believe that very few men indeed fear death. The vast majority experience a more or less violent physical shrinking from the pain of death and wounds, especially when they are physically inactive, and when they have nothing else to think about. . . . Last of all, there is the repulsion and loathing for the whole business of war, with its bloody ruthlessness, its fiendish ingenuity, and its insensate cruelty, that comes to a man after a battle, when the tortured and dismembered dead lie strewn about the trench, and the wounded groan from No-Man's-Land. But neither is that the fear of death. It is a repulsion which breeds hot anger more than cold fear, reckless hatred of life more often than abject clinging to it. . . . But even where men are afraid it is generally not death that they fear. Their fear is a physical and instinctive shrinking from hurt, shock and the unknown. . . . It is not the fear of death rationally considered; but an irrational physical instinct which all men possess, but which almost all can control.

DONALD HANKEY.

#### *The coming Night :*

My friends the hills, the sea, the sun,  
The winds, the woods, the clouds, the trees—  
How feebly, if my youth were done,  
Could I, an old man, relish these!  
With laughter, then, I'll go to greet  
What Fate has still in store for me,  
And welcome death if we should meet,  
And bear him willing company . . . .

Come when it may, the stern decree  
For me to leave the cheery throng  
And quit the sturdy company  
Of brothers that I work among.  
No need for me to look askance,  
Since no regret my prospect mars.  
My day was happy—and perchance  
The coming night is full of stars.

RICHARD MOLESWORTH DENNY, Capt., Loyal North Lancs. Regt. Killed on the Somme, July, 1916.

#### *Their Martyrdom :*

Maybe through all this evil and pain we shall be purged of many sins. God grant it! If ever there were martyrs, some of these were martyrs, facing death and torture as ghastly as any that confronted the saints of old, and facing it with but little of that fierce fanatical exaltation of faith that the early Christians had to help them. For these were mostly quiet souls, loving their wives and children and the little comforts of home life most of all, little stirred by great emotions or passions. Yet they had some love for liberty, some faith in God—not a high and flaming passion, but a quiet insistent conviction. It was enough to send them out to face martyrdom, though their lack of imagination left them mercifully ignorant of the extremity of its terrors. It was enough, when they saw their danger in its true perspective, to keep them steadfast and tenacious. For them "it is finished." R.I.P.

DONALD HANKEY.

### *Death in battle :*

The end of these young men was not only glorious, exceedingly glorious, but happy, very happy. I never saw them but with smiling faces. They had set their faces to the sun and the shadows had fallen behind them. The horrors of war are very real but they have less hold than we imagine upon the man who encounters them with a pure and impersonal motive. The boy whose soul is caught up to heaven amid the blaze of musketry and the thunder of a thousand cannon, who falls fighting bravely with good comrades to right and to left of him ; he is not to be pitied, that boy, by others predestined to draw their *last* breath enveloped in the gloomy hush of a sick room. Each from their own point of view : the city, the parents, and friends, most bitterly regret that lads of so great promise should not have lived to fulfil that promise. Yet they did achieve far more than any who survive or who will live after.

General Sir IAN HAMILTON, in a speech, 1921.

### *"Don't worry" :*

What's the use of worrying ?  
It never was worth while !  
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,  
And Smile, Smile, Smile !

Not a bad chorus, either, for the trenches ! . . . Of course, worrying is about as un-Christian as anything can be. "Don't worry about your life"—that is the Master's express command. In fact, the call of Christ is a call to something very like the cheerfulness of the soldier in the trenches. It is a call to a life of external turmoil and internal peace. . . . As for personal danger, he must not think of it. If he is killed, that is a sign that he is no longer indispensable. Perhaps he is wanted elsewhere. The enemy can only kill the body, and the body is not the important thing about him. Every man who goes to war must, if he is to be happy, give his body, a living sacrifice, to God and his country. It is no longer his. He need not worry about it.

DONALD HANKEY.

### *"Of some who were lost and afterwards were found" :*

Portentous, solemn Death, you looked a fool when you tackled one of them ! Life ? They did not value life ! They had never been able to make much of a fist of it. But if they lived amiss they died gloriously, with a smile for the pain and the dread of it. What else had they been born for ? It was their chance. With a gay heart they gave their greatest gift, and with a smile to think that after all they had anything to give which was of value. One by one Death challenged them. One by one they smiled in his grim visage, and refused to be dismayed. They had been lost, but they had found the path that led them home ; and when at last they laid their lives at the feet of the Good Shepherd, what could they do but smile ?

DONALD HANKEY.

### *They Loved Their Men*

No prospect pleased, but man was perfectly glorious.

P. B. C. in *Tales of Talbot House*.

They were shopmen, artisans, clerks, and scarcely one had ever handled a rifle. We had literally representatives of every trade in the country except soldiers. . . . The way these men, accustomed to regular hours, meals, sleep, etc., accepted conditions, discomforts, and hardships of which they had never dreamed, is an imperishable memory.

A COLONEL on his men.



*"The Men," young and old :*

Gallant souls, those boys, and all the more gallant because they hate war so much. . . . Their cure for every mental worry is a smile, their answer to every prompting of fear is a plunge. They have no philosophy or fanaticism to help them—only the sporting *instinct* which is in every healthy British boy. Then there are "the old men," less attractive, less stirring to the imagination, less sensitive, but who grow upon you more and more as you get to know them. . . . It takes you longer to know these. They are less responsive to your advances. But when you have tested them and they have tested you, you know that you have that which is stronger than any terror of night or day, a loyalty which nothing can shake. And when he thinks how little he deserves all this love and loyalty, the subaltern's heart aches with a feeling that can find no expression either in word or deed.

This is a tale that has often been told, and that people in England know by heart. It cannot be told too often. It cannot be learnt too well. For the time will come when we shall need to remember it, and when it will be easy to forget. Will you remember it, O ye people, when the boy has become a man, and the soldier has become a workman ?

DONALD HANKEY.

The men are wonderful. I repeat it with the most sincere reverence—there is no other word. I adore them. *They* are the people.

A SHREWSBURY SCHOOLMASTER, turned officer.

*Their Officer :*

Oh, never shall I forget you,  
My men, who trusted me :  
More my sons than your fathers'—  
For they could only see  
The little helpless babies,  
Or the young men in their pride :  
They could not see you dying,  
Or hold you, while you died.

Happy and young and gallant  
They saw their first-born go ;  
But not the strong limbs broken,  
And the beautiful men laid low,  
And the piteous writhing bodies  
That screamed : " Don't leave me, Sir."  
For they were only your fathers,  
And I was your officer.

E. A. MACKINTOSH, Lieut., Seaforth Highlanders. Killed in action.

What impresses and moves me above all is the amazing faith, patience, and courage of the men. To me it is not a sort of looking-down-on but rather a looking-up-to appreciation of them. I pray and pray and am afraid !—they go quietly and heroically on. God bless them and make me less inferior to them . . . If I live longer with them I shall begin to get near their standard.

THOMAS MICHAEL KETTLE, Capt., Dublin Fusiliers. Killed in France, September, 1916, aged 32.

The more I see of men, the more I love them . . . I believe with all my heart that man is, in the main, a lovable, and, at bottom, a good creature. (Curse the word "good"! but you know what I mean—worthy, sterling, right, true, real.) He sings dirty songs and swears, and is altogether a sensual drunken brute at times ; but get to know him, start by loving him, believe in him through thick and thin, and you will not go unrewarded . . . I am too much sizzling with belief to be coherent.

HENRY LAMONT SIMPSON, Lieut., Lancashire Fusiliers. Killed in France, August, 1918, aged 21.

*"Man is Divine" :*

We that have seen the strongest  
Cry like a beaten child,  
The sanest eyes unholy,  
The cleanest hands defiled,

We that have known the heart-blood  
Less than the lees of wine,  
We that have seen men broken,  
We know man is divine.

WILLIAM NOEL HODGSON, Lieut., Devon Regt. Killed in action, July 1, 1916.  
(From lines written on the march after the Battle of Loos.)

## They Knew Their Real Leaders

### *The Beloved Captain :*

We were his men, and he was our leader. We felt that he was a credit to us, and we resolved to be a credit to him. There was a bond of mutual confidence and affection between us, which grew stronger and stronger as the months passed. He had a smile for almost everyone. . . . It was a wonderful thing, that smile of his. It was something worth living for, and worth working for. It bucked one up when one was bored or tired. It seemed to make one look at things from a different point of view, a finer point of view, his point of view. . . . It meant that we were his men, and that he was proud of us, and sure that we were going to do jolly well—better than any of the other platoons. And it made us determined that we would. . . . The fact was that he had won his way into our affections. We loved him. And there isn't anything stronger than love, when all's said and done.

He was good to look upon. He was big and tall and carried himself upright. His eyes looked his own height. He moved with the grace of an athlete. His skin was tanned by a wholesome outdoor life, and his eyes were clear and wide open. Physically he was a prince among men. . . . Somehow, gentle though he was, he was never familiar. He had a kind of innate nobility which marked him out as above us. He was not democratic. He was rather the justification for aristocracy. We all knew instinctively that he was our superior—a man of finer temper than ourselves, a "toff" in his own right. I suppose that is why he could be so humble without loss of dignity. . . . There was not one of us but would gladly have died for him. We longed for a chance to show him that. . . . We never got the chance, worse luck. . . .

DONALD HANKEY.

### *The Lieutenant takes his Commission :*

Daring and humility, twin charms of youth, shone with a lustre in his tense bearing, the slim strength of him, the proud carriage of his head, the singular beauty of mouth and chin. His springing gait was self-reliant and easy, a stride which is proud and, in time of danger, gallant. The going of this man could be a game or a combat or an act of worship, according to the hour: it was both reverence and rejoicing. As this slim, splendid figure in the shabby field-grey tunic went, pilgrim-like, down the mountain side, he was as Zarathustra coming from the heights. . . . He was going from the past into the future; from his apprenticeship he was passing out into the years of mastery. Behind him the hills sank away, those hills he had dug with pick and spade, the woods whose trunks he lifted hour by hour on willing shoulders, the villages whose streets he had kept clean with shovel and muck-rake, the trenches in which he had done duty at all hours of night and day, the craters and the dug-outs, where for so many months he had kept a good comradeship with artisans, factory hands and farm labourers. For six months he had worn the grey tunic without pip or stripe and had been spared nothing of the hardest and most menial service. And now that he was striding down the hills to become a leader of men, he did not cast what had been from him like a worn-out coat: he carried it with him like a secret treasure. For six heavy months he had served for that spirit of the nation about which so many talk without knowledge of the thing they talk of. Only to him who, with humility and a good courage, shares the whole need and poverty of the many, their joys and dangers, hunger and thirst, frost and sleeplessness, filth and vermin, peril and sickness—only to him does the people open the secret chambers of its heart, its lumber-rooms, its treasures. And he who has traversed those chambers with clear and kindly eyes is well fitted to join the company of the people's leaders. Grown wise in mind and spirit, the young volunteer went down from the hills of Lorraine to become a leader among his own folk.

A picture of his friend by WALTHER FLEX, German student, Lieut., 138th Alsatian Infantry Regt. Killed on the Russian front, 1917.

### They Remembered Their Friends

Was there love once? I have forgotten her.  
Was there grief once? Grief yet is mine.  
O loved, living, dying, heroic soldier,  
All, all, my joy, my grief, my love, are thine!

ROBERT NICHOLS, Lieut., R.F.A.

#### "He'll carry on":

I've just heard Kenneth is dead. Kenneth was a good boy, and I'm sure he died just as he lived, and no one could better that. This is the first time the war has hit me hard. Cheer up, my very dears. Kenneth's all right. He'll carry on. It would take more than that to stop him.

DENIS OLIVER BARNETT, Lieut., Leinster Regiment. Killed in Flanders, August, 1915, aged 20.

#### On the death of Julian Grenfell:

. . . God, it is glorious to think of a soul so wholly devoid of the pettiness and humbug, the cynicism and dishonesty, of so much that we see. . . . He stood for something very precious to me—for an England of my dreams made of honest, brave and tender men, and his life and death have surely done something towards the realisation of that England. Julian had so many friends who felt for him as they felt for no one else, and a fierce light still beats on the scene of his passing, and others are left to whom he may leave his sword and a portion of his skill . . .

CHARLES ALFRED LISTER, Lieut., R.N.V.R. Died of wounds, Gallipoli, August, 1915, aged 28.

#### On the death of Charles Lister:

I have just seen in *The Times* that Charles Lister has died of his wounds. It really is heart-breaking. All the men one had so vainly hoped would make this world a little better to live in seem to be taken away. Charles was a spirit no country could afford to lose.

ROBERT PALMER.

#### On the death of Gilbert Talbot:

This perhaps is the finest tribute that one man can pay to another; that, above all, he would have gone to the war in that man's company.

A. P. HERBERT.

#### The Cross of Wood:

God be with you and us who go our way  
And leave you dead upon the ground you won.  
For you at last the long fatigue is done,  
The hard march ended: you have rest to-day . . .

Rest you content; more honourable far  
Than all the Orders is the Cross of Wood,  
The symbol of self-sacrifice that stood  
Bearing the God whose brethren you are.

CYRIL WINTERBOTHAM, Lieut., Gloucester Regt. Killed, August, 1916.

#### "A very bright light":

Arthur defies description; one simply has the impression of a very bright light.

Spencer Leeson (Headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School) on ARTHUR INNES ADAM, Capt.,  
Cambridge Regt. Missing, France, September, 1916, aged 22.

## They Respected a Brave Enemy

To honour, while you strike him down,  
The foe that comes with fearless eyes . . .

HENRY NEWBOLT.

### *Unbroken :*

We took a German officer and some men prisoners in a wood the other day. One felt hatred for them as one thought of our dead ; and as the officer came by me, I scowled at him, and the men were cursing him. The officer looked me in the face and saluted me as he passed ; and I have never seen a man look so proud and resolute and smart and confident, in his hour of bitterness. It made me feel terribly ashamed of myself. . . .

JULIAN GRENFELL.

### *"Magnificently done" :*

Stretched out across the broad expanse of meadows between us and the river (Aisne) was a long line of dots wide apart, and looking through glasses one saw that these dots were infantry advancing, widely extended : British infantry too, unmistakably. A field battery on our left had spotted them, and we watched their shrapnel bursting over the advancing line. Soon a second line of dots emerged from the willows along the river bank and began to advance. More of our batteries came into action . . . but this second line kept steadily on, while a third and fourth line now appeared. . . . Our guns now fired like mad, but it did not stop the movement : a fifth and sixth line came on, all with the same wide intervals between men and the same distance apart. It was magnificently done . . . We had watched the excellence of this attack with such interest that we had forgotten we were standing in the open. . . .

WALTER BLOEM, Capt., Brandenburg Grenadiers, in *The Advance from Mons*, 1914.

### *Sons and Mothers :*

I write this outside a German dug-out wrecked by one of our sixty-pounders. The explosion has thrown five men lifeless down the stairway. Their boy officer, a young Absalom, is suspended head downwards by one of his Bluchers from two viced beams in the roof. Get the harrowing details out of the mind : remember only the faithful service . . . Heaven consists largely of thinking of mothers and wives and children and other things that are thus beautiful. Get the habit. Increase Heaven by thinking of the homely, fat but selfless Frau and the lad who hangs from the ceiling by his foot. Hell consists largely in thinking of our own nastiness. We cannot forget it, even when forgiven, and so this Hell survives, but other people's nastiness we can forget quite easily. . . . All the world over a boy is a boy and a mother is a mother. One there was Who after thirty years of thinking appealed to *all* mankind and not in vain.

MELVILLE HASTINGS, Canadian Expeditionary Force. Died of wounds, October, 1918, aged 40.

## The Woman's Part

### *"To Women" :*

Your hearts are lifted up, your hearts  
That have foreknown the utter price.  
Your hearts burn upward like a flame  
Of splendour and of sacrifice.

For you, you too, to battle go,  
Not with the marching drums and cheers  
But in the watch of solitude  
And through the boundless night of fears . . .

And not a shot comes blind with death  
And not a stab of steel is pressed  
Home, but invisibly it tore  
And entered first a woman's breast.

LAURENCE BINYON.

*Air-raid on a hospital :*

Yet amidst the horror of it all shone the glory of great courage . . . The nurses who were wounded showed the greatest heroism in the face of mortal pain, and begged those who were doing the little that was possible to leave them and care for the men. The nurses could not say enough of the heroism and splendid work of the men, and the men were full of the courage of the women. One said to a patient, who was crying out in terror : " Just look at Sister. When she shows fear you can cry out, but not till then."

MARGUERITE MCARTHUR, Y.M.C.A. Died on service in France, February, 1919, aged 26.

*Any Soldier's Wife :*

When I give all I have to give  
I'll make no bargain that he live  
To lie again upon this breast.  
There is a time for ground and nest.  
He'll come when he has planed in flight  
Across these heavy mists of night,  
And, singing like the skylark, run  
To greet a newly risen sun.

DOROTHY FLOWMAN.

*Women's Pride :*

Surely the bitterness of death is past,  
Drained to the dregs the waters of despair,  
Yea, pride in our beloved shall outlast  
All poor desiring for the things that were.  
The men we wedded and the sons we bare  
Died valiantly and for the right stood fast :  
Yet 'twas our blood that made them strong to dare,  
Our hearts that in the battle-scale were cast.

A. L. JENKINS, Lieut., D.C.L.I.

*The Broken Heart :*

I have a heart that's broken,  
That's broken, that's broken ;  
I bear a heart that's broken,  
That's broken in twa—  
For I gied it till a sodger,  
A sodger, a sodger,  
I gied it till a sodger,  
Before he gaed awa' !

JOSEPH LEE, Sergt., Black Watch.

### They Looked to the Future

And us they trusted : we the task inherit,  
The unfinished task for which their lives were spent ;  
But, leaving us a portion of their spirit,  
They gave their witness and they died content.  
Full well they knew they could not build without us  
That better country, faint and far-descried,  
God's own true England—but they did not doubt us,  
And in that faith they died.

CYRIL ALINGTON, Headmaster of Eton.

### *To preach peace :*

It is an amazing experience this living on a lease renewable from hour to hour or even minute to minute. If I come through, which in my individual case is doubtful enough, I will assuredly face life in a new way . . . If God spares me I shall accept it as a special mission to preach love and peace for the rest of my life . . . I want to live, too, to use all my powers of thinking, writing and working to drive out of civilisation this foul thing called war and to put in its place understanding and comradeship.

THOMAS MICHAEL KETTLE, Capt., Dublin Fusiliers. Killed in France, September, 1916, aged 32.

### *Compensation :*

Perhaps the immeasurable result of all these atrocities, this destruction, this soul-killing brutality will be a new *Thos* and a new *Pathos* for the world, as the new clean flesh strives upward towards the light from the depths of a suppurating wound. What if a new valuation of the worth of mankind and a new appreciation of the destiny of man should be born in each of us—perhaps in only a few at first—as a gigantic Good to compensate us for a monstrous Evil? That would be enough ; it would recompense us for all that the war has done to us. Without this hope I feel that it would be unbearable.

RUDOLF BINDING, German cavalry officer, in a letter home on New Year's Eve, 1914.

### *" Building a Bridge " :*

There are a great many Irishmen to-day who feel that out of this war we should try to build up a new Ireland. The trouble is, men are so timid about meeting each other half-way. It would be a fine memorial to the men who have died so splendidly if we could, over their graves, build up a bridge between North and South. I have been thinking a lot about this lately, in France—no one could help doing so when one finds that the two sections from Ireland are actually side by side holding the trenches !

WILLIAM REDMOND, Major, Royal Irish Regt. Killed in France, June, 1917, aged 56.

### *The Women of England :*

When the war is over, and the men of the citizen Army return to their homes and their civil occupations, will they, I wonder, remember the things that they have learnt ? If so, there will be a new and better England for our children. . . . Would that it might be so ! But perhaps it is more likely that the lessons will be forgotten, and that men will slip back into the old grooves. Much depends on the women of England. If they carefully guard the ancient ruts against our return and if their gentle fingers press us back into them, we shall acquiesce ; but if at this hour of crisis they too have seen a wider vision of national unity, and learnt a more catholic charity, the future is indeed radiant with hope.

DONALD HANKEY.

### *Death creative :*

It is at a time like this, when the whole future is so uncertain, a glorious comfort to know that the new outlook on life and humanity, which characterises the rising generation, will really be voiced by those who remain all the more ardently and passionately because of those whom this war has and will render silent. Here indeed is death becoming creative. . . .

In those who survive, the ardour will be quickened and deepened. They will be responsible, no longer to themselves alone, but to the memory of their friends as well. . . .

Personally, I don't feel I am fighting to preserve more than the soil of England of the past, and its associations and some of its traditions : that is a lot to fight for. But far more I want to fight that England may go ahead towards a future in which she may be the leader and fore-runner. It is to preserve the future, not the past so much, that most of those I know are fighting and have fought.

A. W. R. DON, Lieut., Black Watch. Died in Macedonia, September, 1916, aged 26.

### Armistice

*Au-dessus de la Guerre, il y a la Paix.*

(Above War, there is Peace.)

MARECHAL FOCH.

### *The Commander's Praise :*

Between that date (*August, 1914*) and this you have traversed a long and weary road. Defeat has more than once stared you in the face. Your ranks have been thinned again and again by wounds, sickness and death, but your faith has never faltered, your courage has never failed, your hearts have never known defeat. With your allied comrades you have won the day.

From Sir DOUGLAS HAIG's Special Order of the Day to the troops, November 11, 1918.

### *November 11, 1918 :*

Thank God the end of the awful blind waste and brutality of war has come, and let us pray it may never return. Man prays to God, because he feels instinctively there is a Power outside himself, yet the answer to such prayer depends on man himself. After this lesson, is man too little-minded and forgetful to banish the things that cause war ?

I am feeling rather ill and depressed, in spite of all the rejoicing around me ; immeasurably relieved, glad to be alive, and glad we have won, but tired and a little sad.

*The final entry in A SOLDIER'S DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR (Faber and Gwyer, 1929).*

### *Back to Life :*

On Armistice Day the sense of relief was great, but it was accompanied by feelings of bewilderment. For years one set purpose had dominated our lives : that purpose was now fulfilled, and for the moment there was nothing to take its place. For years our lives had been forfeit. We had watched one generation die, not one by one, but in hundreds, throughout four years. Our sorrows had come, not as single spies, but in battalions. . . . Death had been our companion so long that we felt almost at a loss when he left us, and Life took his place. Our new companion, however welcome, clearly made demands on us to which we were not used. . . . During the war we had comforted ourselves on many occasions by the thought that things are never quite so bad as they seem. Peace, long deferred, was now to teach us the lesson that they are never quite so good.

CHARLES DOUIE, Lieut., Dorset Regt., in *The Weary Road* (John Murray, 1929).

*Le Soldat Inconnu :*

*Qui donc ose aujourd'hui déranger mon sommeil  
Le secret de mon nom me défend de la Gloire.  
Je suis bien convaincu que de mon sang vermeil,  
De mon sang innocent j'ai scellé la victoire.*

*J'ai touché le miracle au combat sans pareil,  
J'ai fixé le destin dans ma chaire transitoire.  
Et sur mes yeux éteints s'arrêta le soleil  
Pour éblouir la Haine et calciner l'Histoire.*

*Qui donc ose aujourd'hui partager mon tombeau?  
A quoi bon tant de fleurs, cet hymne, ce flambeau?  
Le sourire du monde est mon meilleur salaire.*

*Dites-moi que les cœurs sont à nouveau contents,  
Qu'ils peuvent respirer les parfums du printemps,  
Qui l'ennemi d'hier est devenu mon frère.*

ARMAND GODOY, a sonnet from *Foch*, 1929.

*The Unknown Soldier speaks :* Who then dares to-day to disturb my sleep? The secret of my name protects me from glory. I am persuaded that with my crimson blood, my innocent blood, I have set the seal on victory. I have touched miracle in combat without its equal, I have fixed destiny in my corruptible flesh, and over my quenched eyes the sun has stood still to blot out Hate and to burn History to ashes. Who then dares this day to share my tomb? To what purpose are so many flowers, this hymn, this torchlight? The smile of the world is my best wages.

Tell me that hearts are contented again, that they can breathe the scents of Spring, that the enemy of yesterday is become my brother.]

*Armistice Thoughts :*

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Full fifty months  
The sun had shone on man in vain,  
His brightest deeds had sought the cloud;  
By Might he strove  
To conquer that which conquers naught;  
Then one November morn he knelt,  
And, as the sun climbed to its throne,  
Peace descended!

THE POET.

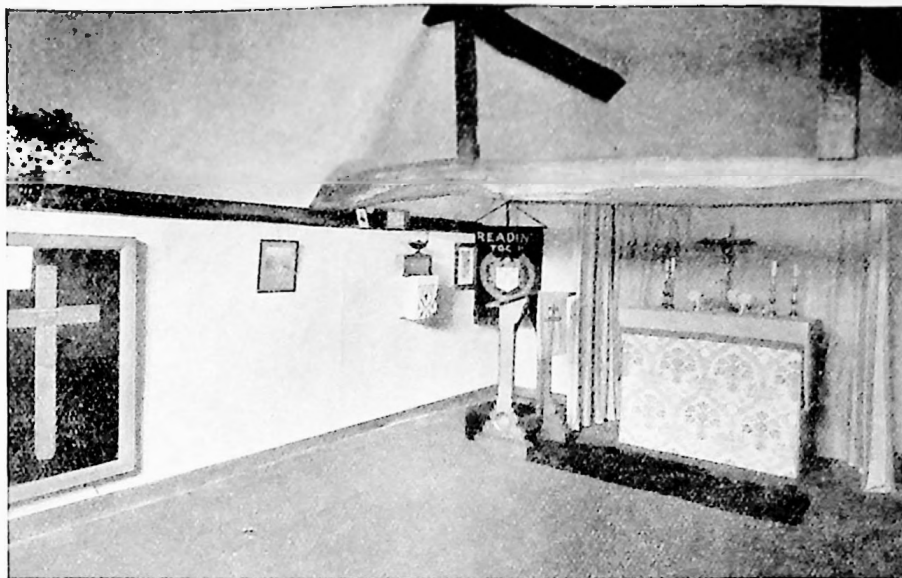
From out the west  
Soft breezes gently fan away  
The smell of gas-fumed trench, and lay  
A soothing hand  
Upon the wounded face of earth;  
The shell-swept poppies droop their heads,  
And elm trees stretch their battered limbs  
And die content.

THE PROPHET.

Keep wide our eyes,  
Thou Sun of peace and righteousness,  
That we may see the signs of Life  
In sacrifice:  
And not by Might, but by thy Light,  
March forth unarmed, except for grace,  
And take the things of heaven and earth  
That never die!

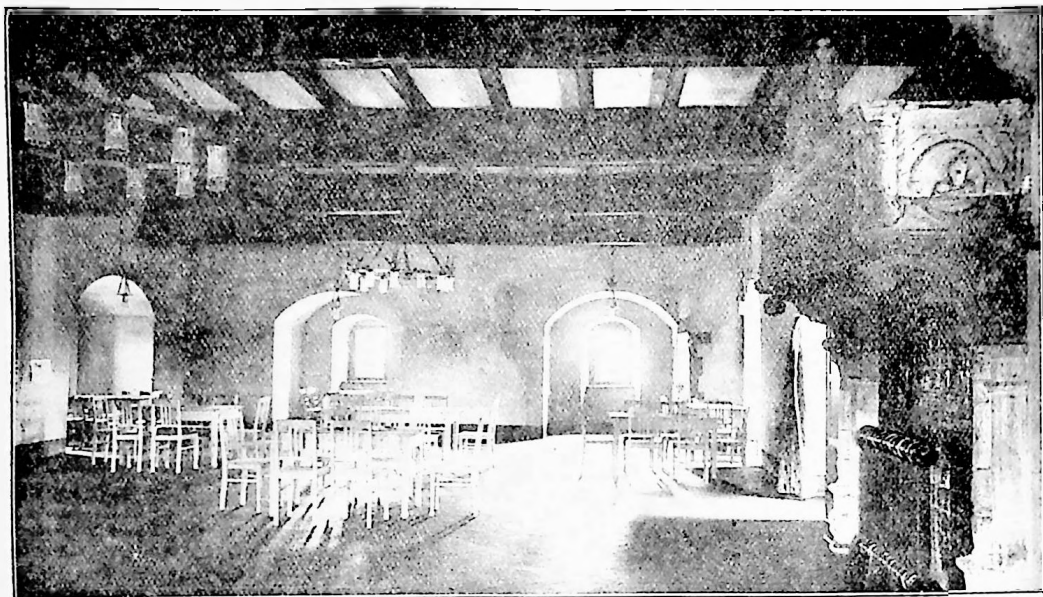
GEORGUS.



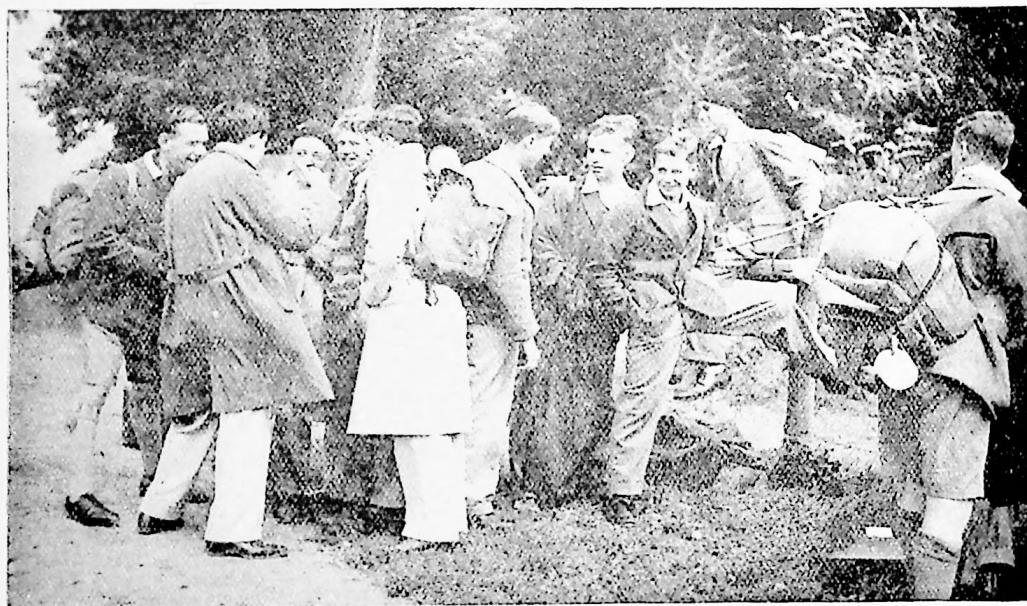


*Above :* READING—The little Upper Room at the Branch H.Q., showing the Unknown Soldier's Cross, the Banner, and the Lamp resting on its carved 12th century bracket.

*Below :* CHISLEHURST—The Scadbury Chapel in St. Nicholas' Church—The Unknown Soldier's Cross is seen behind the Screen on the right, the Banner on the left ; in the centre the Rushlight on a Norman stone corbel. The use of the Chapel has been granted to Toc H by the Lord of the Manor.

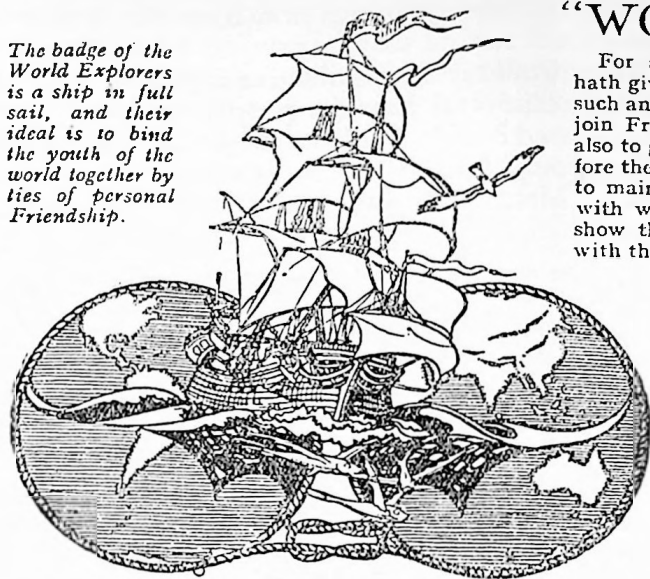


The Hall in the PONT TOR of AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, where World Explorers meet.



A W.E. Friendship Party on the RHINE.

The badge of the World Explorers is a ship in full sail, and their ideal is to bind the youth of the world together by ties of personal Friendship.



## "WORLD EXPLORERS"

For as much as the great and Almighty God hath given unto mankind, above all living creatures, such an heart and desire that every man desireth to join Friendship with others, to love and be loved, also to give and receive mutual benefits; it is therefore the duty of all men, according to their power, to maintain and increase this desire in every man, with well deserving to all men, and especially to show their good affection to such as, being moved with this desire, come to them from far countries.

*From Letters Missive of Edward VI.*

THOUSANDS of T.O.C.H. members must have seen the *Friend Ship* at her moorings at Charing Cross Pier. Many, doubtless, have actually visited the ship, inspected her models and, possibly, attended one of the talks on travel subjects periodically given on board.

Few, however, appreciate the magnitude of the work carried on from the *Friend Ship* as Headquarters of the World Explorer movement, or realise that, while many people have talked about organised Youth travel abroad, the World Explorers have this year actually arranged for 2,000 young people to spend a fortnight in the Rhineland.

The story of the World Explorers must interest T.O.C.H. members, because the ideals of the two organisations run so closely in line. Friendship is their central principle. They seek to make the young people of different countries friends, and so to replace suspicion, intolerance, and war by mutual understanding and reciprocal service. But they are frankly practical in the matter. No good talking of friendship between people who have not met, so the Youth of different nations must travel. And Youth normally is not over-rich, so travel must be made cheap. Further, travel is useless for friendship purposes unless a link exists to bring the people of different countries into touch, and that link is not easy to arrange. World Explorers have tackled these problems in an original fashion and with such vigour that, in a period of four years, they have enrolled members in every part of the country, sent thousands of people abroad, brought down the cost of foreign travel below the price of an English holiday, and established hundreds of life-long friendships between young people in Germany and England.

### "The Poor Man in his Castle"

Mrs. Knowles, of Ramhurst Manor, Kent, who founded the movement, conceived the idea of utilising the old castles of Germany, and, through the co-operation of the German ambassador and Civic Authorities, secured the use of Castle Rheinfels in the heart of the Rhine gorge, the Pont Tor at Aix-la-Chapelle

and the Schloss Monaise at Karthaus. These buildings now form the organisation's holiday centres, and the wonderful setting which they provide is ideal for the purpose of the movement. How would it be possible for anyone to explore the magnificent scenery of the Rhineland and hate its people, or live where Charlemagne lived and be unimpressed? Or think of Rheinfels, the home of countless robber barons. Who could fail to see there a reflection of the change which time has wrought? Many an army of the past stormed its walls in vain; but where rage and hate could find no entry, friendship enters welcomed and unstayed.

For the most part the Rhine castles are not habitable. In such cases the World Explorers have erected "cabins," and fitted them with electric light, beds, and other necessary appliances for their parties' stay. A simple camp routine is adopted, parties making themselves responsible for the tidiness of their own cabins and preparing their own breakfasts. At mid-day a hiking lunch is taken out when parties go sight-seeing or join their German friends in picnics. At night everyone comes back to a hot meal which has been prepared for their return. The World Explorer method thus preserves those delights of self-help which characterise a camping holiday, but eliminates the "leaky" side of camping and all worries about supplies.

At each centre an English lady has been appointed as "base warden," and she, with the help of a small staff, is responsible for domestic arrangements. But she has other, and much more important duties. Her chief job is to bring the parties into touch with young people in the district, and at each centre the wardens have arranged for a daily interchange of visits between the centres and the local homes. Informal concerts are held at which, with mandoline or guitar, old German folk-songs are sung and the English parties do their best to reply. It is singular that most Germans regard *Tipperary* as an English folk-song! The young people go sight-seeing together, and together discuss the hopes and enthusiasms which age, alas, forgets.

#### Practical Points

*The Party*: World Explorer parties are made up in groups of 14, 28 or 56 members of the organisation. The best way of forming a party is for one person to constitute himself (or herself) party leader, collect the necessary number of people to make up a group, and then reserve a date for the following season by payment of a booking fee of £5, covering the whole party. One word of warning is necessary, however: parties are already booking for next year, and both on this account, and to facilitate the organisation's work of arrangement, it is very desirable to make up parties as early as possible.

*The Cost*: To become a member of World Explorers costs half-a-crown, and the first step is to get in touch with the Skipper of the *Friend Ship*, Charing Cross Pier, London, W.C.2. The cost of a fortnight's tour, including travel, food, and accommodation, is about £6 6s. (according to the rate of foreign exchange).

*The Route*: Parties travel *via* Harwich and Zeebrugge and spend four days at each of the three centres. *En route* they go through Bruges, Coblenz and several other famous towns and spend some hours sight-seeing in Brussels and

Cologne. They also enjoy a trip by steamer down the Rhine from St. Goar to Cologne and thus have opportunities for seeing every phase of German life. In every way these tours are admirably devised for the purpose for which they were inaugurated, and we have no doubt that many Toc H members will wish to take part in them.

#### Looking Forward

Of course, the German tour is only a *start*. Centres have now been secured in France, Holland and Austria, and when, in a month or two's time, preliminary arrangements are completed, members will have the choice of four or five different tours. Nor is the movement to be one-sided. Before the movement is complete foreign children *must* be brought over to England, and this also it is hoped to accomplish next year. Mrs. Knowles has very kindly given part of her estate at Ramhurst Manor, Kent, for an English centre, and negotiations are going on for a further base at Stratford.

This side of the enterprise is beginning in the happiest possible circumstances. National Committees, led either by a Minister of State or an educationalist of the highest standing, have been established in Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia to popularise the work of the World Explorer organisation and already parties are being established for an English tour next year. There is every indication that the movement will be welcomed with general enthusiasm abroad, and English people will thus have an opportunity of returning, in some measure, the hospitality so generously afforded to them abroad.

Clearly, the movement has reached a point when it may be regarded as of *first-rate* national and international importance. But it is of an entirely voluntary nature, without public or other funds on which to rely. It must be self-supporting and is proud to depend, for its continued existence, on the value of the services it renders. The greater the number of people taking the tours, the greater is the opportunity for building up a reserve fund for the equipment of further bases. Surely such a movement should not depend on any one person or on the work of a small band of helpers, however devoted they may be. The world is beginning again to see the light of faith in friendship, dimmed in 1914, but (to use a great old English word) never *doubted*. Millions of men and women, old and young, believe that good will towards men is still the surest guarantee of peace on earth. Is it too much to expect that thousands of them, at least, will wish to help such a movement as World Explorers? Times are bad, but a great many could afford an annual membership fee of 2s. 6d. or even life membership of £1 1s. And remember that every one forming a party gets the world's best value for his money and yet leaves a tiny sum to help the work go forward. The lead is given. Who follows?

H. G. PASCOE.

\* \* \* \* \*

Those who wish to know more of World Explorers or to take part in their activities should get in touch with Mr. Pascoe or Mr. Fitzgerald at the *Friend Ship*, Charing Cross Pier, London, W.C.2. They are very ready, so far as is possible, to go and talk to Toc H meetings about the aims and work of their movement.—ED.



# THE GENERAL DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE

*We continue the series of articles by ALEC WILSON, M.R.I.A., of the League of Nations Union, which should help us all to prepare our minds for the vital World Disarmament Conference at Geneva next February. His article last month ended "Please carry forward the two ideas: that inevitable quarrels do not mean inevitable wars, and that peace, between men or Nations, depends chiefly on the existence of a tribunal to which both sides can appeal, especially when each side is convinced that he is right." From this point he now continues.*

## II. The Reasons for Disarmament

### (Part 1)

A FEW months ago, one of the most famous of British experts on modern warfare published a remarkable book under the title of *Scientific Disarmament* (Mundanus, Ltd., 5s.). Among the reasons why Major Lefebure's work ought to be read by everyone who wishes to understand the problem is that he poses, and answers, certain elementary questions which, all too often, are left undefined, with results that tend to confuse the argument.

For example: What is War? Major Lefebure defines it: "I wish to imply a special type of large-scale organised hostilities between civilised Nations." You see the importance of such a definition? It rules out, at once, riots and rebellions, civil wars, fightings with savage tribes, or the policing of the frontiers of civilisation. It follows from the definition that "We are not concerned at the moment with some philosophical conception of the elimination of all violence from the world, but with an intensely practical view based on expediency" . . . "The big problem before us to-day is to prevent the recurrence of an outbreak such as occurred in 1914."

Here we accept Major Lefebure's definition, not in order to prejudge the issue for or against "pacifism," but to clear up a common misunderstanding. There are, of course, many persons who hold, with an even passionate conviction, that the only right course is immediate and total abolition of all armaments everywhere. And there are those who believe that any one country could, and should, set an example by completely disarming itself, without regard to what the other nations might do. Our discussion *must* begin by setting any of these views aside. We are not concerned with them. And this for the simple reason, that, for better or worse, neither of them is the policy of the League of Nations—which it is our business to describe. It is doubtful whether either total or one-sided Disarmament will so much as be mentioned during next year's Conference, and it is quite certain that neither will form part of any Treaty which may be its result.

What, then, is "Disarmament"? We defined the policy at the end of the last chapter. Here we shall add Major Lefebure's axiom: "A series of operations directed towards the reduction of existing armaments, and the prevention of future growth, and, in general, *the reorganisation of armaments in such a manner as to prevent war as we have defined it.*"

It may be well to summarise the arguments up to this point :—

1. Quarrels will always occur between Nations. Of these, some few lead to a deadlock for which, until our own day, no solution was available except resort to War. We have now begun to provide and accept alternative methods.

2. The purpose of limiting and reducing armaments is to lessen the temptation to use force, to make it more difficult to threaten hostilities, more easy to utilise the newly-opened "by-pass." As Major Lefebure puts it: "If we can so organise armaments that large-scale hostilities cannot occur without extensive preparations over long periods, the purpose of Disarmament will have been served."

3. If one extracts the essence of the great post-War Treaties (the Covenant, the Locarno Treaties and the Pact of Paris), one finds that all Nations have now pledged themselves never again to *start* a war. Disarmament is intended to make it as difficult as possible for any of us to break our word.

Let us now pass on to consider the chief reasons why this particular policy is pressing itself upon the various Governments inside and outside the League. Among the many, three reasons stand out as of primary importance.

#### (1) The Pledge of Honour

Speaking in the Albert Hall at the National Disarmament Demonstration on July 11 last, the Conservative Leader, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, declared that "We are bound by treaty and by honour to international disarmament."

What, precisely, is the pledge to which Mr. Baldwin referred? In point of fact, there are several, but two are of special importance.

(a) As one of the victors\* in the Great War, and particularly as one of the "Big Four" at the Peace Conference, we British shared the responsibility of drafting the Versailles and other Treaties by which (among much else) the defeated nations were compelled to "disarm" in accordance with conditions dictated by the Allies. The Germans, protesting vigorously against a great deal that the Treaty contained, raised no objection to the proposals about armament, "*provided that this is a beginning of a general reduction in armaments.*"

The Allies, speaking through the mouth of M. Clemenceau, stated in their formal reply that their "requirements in regard to German armaments" were to be "*the first step towards the reduction and limitation of armaments which they seek to bring about as one of the most fruitful preventives of war and which it will be one of the first duties of the League of Nations to promote.*" In accordance with this undertaking, you will find that each of the Peace Treaties begins its Chapter on Disarmament, with the following declaration :—

"In order to render possible the initiation of a general disarmament of all Nations, Germany [and the other Nations concerned] undertakes strictly to observe the military, naval and air clauses . . . ."

This, then, is the *joint* pledge given by the Allies to the defeated enemies. It is formal and unconditional.

\* One is tempted to quote a recent remark by Lord Cecil: that, nowadays, there are no "victors" in war, there are only some who are less vanquished than others.

(b) The other outstanding obligation binds us in our capacity as a Member of the League of Nations. The League, of course, includes our former enemies as well as many States which were neutral during the War. The League pledge is contained in Art. VIII of the Covenant :—

“The members of the League recognise that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations.”

Note that the pledge is here conditioned : we shall return to this point later on.

The cold fact is that—for reasons some of which we shall shortly be discussing,—these pledges have not as yet been carried out. There is, as yet, no “general disarmament of all Nations.” And therefore we are faced with the certainty that unless we really do register a measure of agreement at next year’s Conference, those Nations which we disarmed under the Treaties will claim the right to rearm to whatever extent they choose, *on the grounds that the Treaties have not been kept*. It does not require much imagination to forecast the kind of trouble that would be produced by such a situation—all the more dangerous perhaps in the long run for being moral rather than physical.

That is Reason No. 1 why the Conference is meeting : a definite pledge has been given, binding in honour. If it is not carried out, the results might be extremely unpleasant.

## (2) The Cost of Armaments

Now for Reason No. 2, which is the much more prosaic business of cash : the level of taxation, the standard of living, and so forth.

Notoriously, the fighting services are extremely expensive : indeed, so much has been said and written on the point, that most people by now probably realise, more or less, what an enormous money burden is the annual bill for armaments. We British have latterly been divided between self-satisfaction and anxiety because we have managed, unlike certain other States, to reduce our burden a little : we have *cut it down* to a little over £2,000,000 per *week*. Excluding the War-Debt service (which accounts for half the whole of our taxation), this is, of course, hugely the largest item in the national Budget.

But although the Cost of Armaments is a topic that would seem to have been worn threadbare, some aspects of the problem are surprisingly little known. Suppose we concentrate upon some of these.

Firstly : the particular problem with which the Conference will be wrestling is not an ancient, historic one, normal in the life of Nations. It is a quite modern problem : a giant cancerous overgrowth that has come to a head within the lifetime of elderly people. It is not an old, natural custom for Nations to maintain stupendous armed forces, ready for war at a moment’s notice, in times of peace. Let me prove the statement.

In the middle of last century the present problem had hardly begun. So recently as 1858 the whole of Europe (Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and all the smaller States put together) spent upon armaments £95 millions : that is to say, substantially less than Great



Britain alone is spending now. Come on 25 years, to 1883 : the same countries spent in that year £163 millions : not very much less than double the figure for 1858. Come on another 25 years : in 1908, the same countries spent £299 millions : again, not much short of double in 25 years. Move onwards only five years, to 1913 : in the last pre-war year, the same countries spent £486 millions. Simplify those figures : in *sixty* years the European bill for arms was multiplied *five times*. No one can claim that people did not fight when arms cost less : but the wars they fought were infinitely less destructive.

What is the present rate ? In 1928 (the latest year for which I have the complete figures) the same countries spent £524 millions : probably, in 1931, somewhat more. To make the comparison fair, we must allow for the too familiar fact that the £ does not buy as much as it did. Lower the present rate, or increase the pre-war rate : and we find the present level to be very much the same as it was in 1913. For one reason and another, at least that frightful upward rush has been checked.

If you plot these figures out on a graph, the essence of our modern problem stares you in the face : it is how to bring the curve down from the heights to which this generation has grown unhappily accustomed, to some level which ordinary people could accept as reasonable.

That, of course, involves another question. *Is there any such level ?*

The published figures suggest that there is : or, at least, give us some guidance. Suppose we take the national armaments bill in terms of a percentage of the estimated national income (not the Budget—the whole income of the people). One of the commonest arguments about armed forces is that their upkeep is in the nature of an insurance premium against war. On the opposite side, one might quote Lord Grey's much-quoted view, that "the increase of armaments which is intended to produce consciousness of strength and a sense of security does not produce these effects. On the contrary, it produces a consciousness of the strength of others, and a sense of fear." Can we find some middle course between these opposites ? Here is some of the material on which to form a judgment.

We, in Great Britain, spent in 1913 almost  $3\frac{1}{2}\%$  of our whole income upon arms : we are now spending about  $3\%$ —the rate is tending downwards. France was spending no less than  $5\frac{1}{2}\%$  : she is now spending a little over  $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ . Germany's former figure was over  $4\frac{1}{2}\%$  : it is now less than  $1\frac{1}{2}\%$ . Italy has gone up from under  $3\frac{1}{2}\%$  to over  $4\frac{1}{4}\%$ . Now contrast these figures with the surprising case of the United States : in 1913, less than  $1\frac{1}{2}\%$  ; in 1928, only  $1.1\%$ .\*

One seems to see here a clear suggestion that a great Power which steadily increases its armed forces until it reaches  $4\%$  or  $5\%$  of its income does not gain in security, but scares its neighbours, and tends to create an "armaments race." One would not like to have a fire insurance policy on one's house in which the higher the premium paid, the greater the risk of fire breaking out.

\* It is fair to point out that all these figures are calculated for 1928 : that is, just before the present economic slump set in. One cannot even guess as yet what the figures for 1931 will look like.

But is it a hopelessly impractical ideal to believe that statesmanship in Europe might succeed in reducing the European bill for armaments down to the *existing* proportion in the United States? \* What would be the position if that were done? The bill would be somewhere between £150 and £200 millions: the Nations would be armed on much the same scale as Switzerland, Austria, Germany, any of the American States, are armed to-day. What would be gained by this cut in the cost? "The elimination of all aggressive elements in the defence organisations of European countries."† Each would still be capable of self-defence: but none would be a menace to its neighbours. Huge armaments in peace-time have been well described as "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual fear": and mutual fear is perhaps the most real of all the causes of war. If we cut down the instruments by which we frighten our neighbours, we gain more, and not less, security from the risk of war.

The second point, on the cost of arms, to which we now turn, is the purely economic one: *Would reduction in armaments increase unemployment?* The writer was once speaking about Disarmament at a meeting in Dumbarton, a little town which has lived entirely upon its highly skilled shipbuilding industry, naval and mercantile. It is at present in a pitiable *state*, for lack of work. When questions were called for, a working man at the back of the hall went straight to the point. "D'ye think," said he, "that I want to starve, and my children to be beggars, because the League of Nations does'na like warships?" In two minutes the issue was cleared up. Dumbarton wanted no war: Dumbarton would be perfectly content if it could get a steady stream of orders for warships all of which were to be sunk in deep water the moment they had finished their trials. Work, wages, food and clothing: these, not slaughter, are what warships mean to a dockyard. That is a real argument, and has got to be faced. The same point is true of the whole industry of arms, from top to bottom.

The answer can only be given here in a too-condensed summary. Armaments are, in the purely economic sense, the most wasteful of all ways in which public money can be spent. Let us take an extreme case. At the present moment not a single first-class battleship is being built anywhere in the world. Suppose some Power decided to build one. The capital outlay would be not much under £10,000,000. The ship would cost not much under £500,000 a year to keep in commission. At the end of 20 years or so she would be sold for scrap. Total outlay: £20,000,000 in 20 years: assets at the end, nil, although during the ship's life her maintenance has of course provided for her crew and many others. Contrast this with an expenditure of the same original amount, £10,000,000, on, say, housing and slum-clearance. You would get about 20,000 houses: they would bring in a return of some £500,000 a year in rent (instead of costing that sum in expenses); and they would last perhaps a century instead of 20 years. The one kind of expenditure is productive, bringing in a return; the other is not. The one destroys capital (a 9.2 in. gun has a life of only 1,000 "rounds"); the other creates future work by adding to capital.

\* To aim at this, it is not necessary to credit America with any higher motives than the rest of us. We are studying costs: not idealisms!

† Quoted from *Armament Expenditure of the World* by P. Jacobssen: a mine of accurate information.

But this is, of course, a "long-term" answer. The urgent issue is rather the "short-term," human one of the man who wants his pay next Saturday. That means, of course, jobs for fitters, and turners, and brass-finishers, and platers, and smiths, and labourers, and so on almost indefinitely. If the world to-day were not rocking in an economic "blizzard," it would be no very difficult task to absorb the over-spill from a lessening demand for armaments into an increasing demand for other commodities: exactly as the country blacksmith's shop has turned into a garage. But until that process begins again it is the plain duty of Governments to make full provision for maintaining those who are out of a job through any lessening of armaments. Meanwhile, it is pretty clear that at best the reduction is likely to be a slow and gradual one, so that its effect will be seen rather in a steady lessening of young men taken on than of sudden dismissal of their elders.

*(To be continued.)*

ALEC WILSON, M.R.I.A.

## THE WORLD CRISIS AND TOC H

HOW many of us take for granted the events which happen day by day in this world of ours? We hear of the vast increase of unemployment in America, but so few of us think of this in the terms of human suffering, poverty and despair which such an item of news carries with it.

We are living in an age which will undoubtedly affect the entire future of mankind, perhaps more profoundly than any previous period in history. We are told there is a World Crisis, and merely from the point of view of the individual responsibility which this places upon us, we should know what it is all about, for it may be that our civilisation will hang in the balance during the years which lie immediately ahead of us. Men like Dick Sheppard and H. G. Wells do not warn us of approaching catastrophe unless there are very definite signs of it.

What has all this to do with Toc H? First of all, let us get a clear idea of the ultimate object of Toc H. We are apt to be so hazy in our outlook about the future of the family. We get so engrossed in our own little jobs, and the affairs of our own unit assume such proportions, that we sometimes find it difficult to lift our eyes to wider horizons.

At the Birthday Festival we were told of a tremendous thought which was shared by two of the speakers. This can be summed up that Toc H has come into being for some big job, a job which God has built Toc H to do for Him. And if we think about this, we are forced to admit that Toc H cannot exist for any other purpose.

What, then, is this momentous task for which the weapon of Toc H is being forged? Surely it cannot be anything less than taking a lead in building God's Kingdom here on earth, and by individual effort being instrumental in making Christianity a living reality.

What do we mean by God's Kingdom? It must mean a world very different from that existing to-day. It must mean a world knit together in brotherly love, where there is complete freedom for all, no domination, no fear, no despair, no hatred, no war, nor poverty as we know it to-day. A world where wholesale

suffering is impossible, and where there is no lack of faith and hope and love as there is at present. No slums and no selfishness. Then, indeed, we would be ready to build according to Christ's teaching.

Now if we have thought about the end of Toc H, the only possible end which we can visualise is its complete submergence in such a world. The world would be Toc H and the unfinished task which we have inherited from the Elder Brethren would be all but completed.

Let us get back to the World Crisis, for we have to face reality, and the world as it is to-day is the material out of which this new world is to be built.

In the turmoil of argument about "Protection," "Free Trade," "League of Nations," and so on, we lose sight of the fact that the problem facing mankind, though vast, is a clear-cut problem. There are literally hundreds of millions of our fellow-men living under conditions of abject poverty and, in many cases, of actual starvation. Wherever we look this state of affairs exists—America, China, Russia, India, Australia, Canada, Central Europe, and even here in our own land. Yet we are told that the world is wealthier to-day, in terms of real wealth, than it has ever been before; there is evidence of a super-abundance of the goods which men require for material welfare. We read of food being stored and rotting, of wheat being burnt, either because it is cheaper to do this than to harvest it and sell it, or else because it is cheaper than fuel. There is wholesale destruction of cotton and coffee. Factories which could supply the needs of men, let alone their wants, are silent, while those who could put the wheels into motion are unemployed, either existing on a dole and looked at with resentment for being the cause of sacrifice on the part of others, or else thrown on the mercy of what is often grudging charity. Briefly, this is the problem facing mankind, and on its ability to solve it depends the existence or destruction of the civilisation which has been so laboriously built up.

The problem of the present crisis then is the problem of unemployment. That is the first thing which emerges from our brief analysis. The next is the ridiculous paradox of men starving and poverty being possible in a world of plenty. Such a state of affairs, if we think of it in terms of the principles for which we stand, is anti-Christian. It is a challenge to Christianity and it is a challenge to Toc H.

What can Toc H do about it? For hitherto kings and parliaments have failed in their efforts to deal with this problem. What Toc H can do is for individual members to think about it, actively to seek the truth, and by means of study within and outside their units to gain the knowledge by which they can ultimately make it possible for kings and parliaments to succeed.

At first sight the problem appears to be simple. On the one hand we have an abundance of goods for the material needs of mankind; food in inexhaustible quantities, machinery capable of producing an increasing output and at the same time relieving man of the necessity to do manual work to an evergrowing extent. On the other hand we have humanity crying out for the fuller life which these supplies would give. Yet our leaders are apparently incapable of solving it, and month by month, and year after year, we drift from one crisis to another, while an increasing number of our fellow-men are claimed victims, and the despair and bewilderment of the world increases.

Surely it cannot be that all our leaders are without vision and without Christian ideals. Yet why is it that they do nothing? This is another aspect of the problem which should also concern us deeply, as if we are to tackle it, we, too, may be facing just those difficulties which prevent these men from any large courageous action even under the stress of the desperately urgent conditions of to-day.

In our problem the gap which has to be bridged is the gap dividing a poverty-stricken humanity from the needs which God has made available to the world in generous abundance. In other words, the problem is one of distributing to people the goods and service which are available. In our economic system this process of distribution is effected by the medium of exchange which we know as money, and it is therefore, the money question which appears to be the core of the problem. If this is so, then our attention should be directed towards the financial system.

The first point which emerges from the consideration of this aspect of the question is the tremendous power of control which is exercised through this section of our economic system. From the workman to the managing director of a trust company, the whole life of a person is dominated by financial considerations; whether it is by wages, or income, or trading profits, the object of their exertions is governed by this money question. We have only to take our own individual case or think about how it affects Toc H as a body to see how the all importance of money enters into our lives.

If only we can solve this problem, there is, indeed, a new world open to us. Perhaps the best means of stating this briefly is to give what are claimed would be the effects of putting into operation a scientifically practical economic system said to be based upon the realities of our everyday life, and of the principles which should govern the lives of Christian communities.

### The Tangle Untangled

There would be no poverty, there would be no unemployment problem, slums would cease to exist, man's enslavement by machinery would be a thing of the past, and as master of the machine man would win for himself an increasing measure of freedom and leisure for the higher pursuits which should be his destiny.

If, indeed, such a solution exists, then it must be the duty of every member to investigate it, to test it, and having tested it, if he finds it is the truth, to do his utmost to see it put into operation.

It seems essential that in the fog of conflicting economic views of to-day our approach to this problem should be along a Christian line of thought. An excellent book has been published by the Student Christian Movement, dealing with the World Crisis from the standpoint of unemployment along just those lines which meet our principles. The name of this book is *This Unemployment—Disaster or Opportunity*, by V. A. Demant, with a foreword by the Bishop of Winchester. The price is 2s. 6d. Every member of Toc H should read this book.

L. D. B.

## THE FAMILY IN SOUTH AFRICA

*On October 12 RONNY GRANT landed in England again after over two years' work for Toc H in South Africa ; next day he was warmly welcomed at H.Q. Here are some of his main impressions :—*

**F**ROM Toc H, South Africa and Rhodesia, to Toc H, Great Britain and Ireland, not forgetting the Toc Emmas, Greetings ! The Editor has asked me to write something of South Africa and my first job clearly is to convey to you all some of the warm affection that lies in the hearts of all in the great southern continent for the family at home. For myself, it is a real joy to come back to the home family, but a joy tempered by sorrow at leaving a country and a people I have long learnt to love. South Africa is a great country, great in every aspect—its beauty and grandeur, its vast spaces, its glorious sunshine and climate, its tremendous problems, and its still greater potentialities. Diversities of race, of colour, of political and religious outlook, of traditions and aspirations, sometimes, in moments of depression, make its growth as a national unity seem an impossible dream. Yet, into this seeming chaos has come, as elsewhere, the message of Toc H, the message of human and Divine love which alone can bring peace and prosperity. To South Africa, as a whole, Toc H is scarcely yet a name, yet to any member of the family coming into the country there is assured a warm welcome from his brother or sister members at any port at which he may land, and, whether his destination is to the far-flung copper belt or to the high veld, he can, if he chooses to avail himself of it, be put in touch with men and women in whom he will find the same aspirations, the same fellowship, and the same desire to serve humanity.

Necessarily the growth of Toc H, both horizontally and perpendicularly, is slow. My first trip, designed to cover as many as possible of the units in the Union and Rhodesia, took five months and covered a distance of about 7,000 miles. District Committees, except in the big industrial centres such as the Reef, Durban and Cape Town, are practically impossible ; and the Provincial Executives, which correspond more or less to the Home Areas, have each a jurisdiction extending over somewhere about 100,000 miles. There is no leisured class, and voluntary whole-time service is therefore unobtainable, and in all the Provinces except perhaps Natal, progress is again hampered by racial divisions.

### The Problem of Race and Colour

The Afrikaans-speaking section of the population, mainly of Dutch and Huguenot descent, though in the main bilingual, have as their natural language the Taal, and are reluctant to use any other ; though this bilingualism is part of the compulsory educational system, few of those of English descent keep it up after school, as it has not as yet become the language of commerce or literature. The Dutch Reformed Church as a whole is jealous of its members belonging to outside organisations of a religious character, and, politically, nationalism tends to exclude anything which may be looked on as a British product. Fortunately, we have an increasing body of Afrikaans-speaking members, and there is no question that the Toc H ideal makes its appeal as strongly to them as to anyone, but we have yet to discover a new orientation of Toc H which will appeal to the mass of the Afrikaans-speaking section of the white community. This partnership is essential if Toc H is to fulfil its function, the building of a nation at unity within and without its borders.

Behind and around everything is the greatest of all the problems, that of colour—the native, the cross-breed, and, in Natal, the Indian. The two outstanding factors in the colour question are the economic and the psychological. Economically there is the ever-present dread of cheap labour in competition with the white ; this leads to an attempt to prevent the progress of the coloured races, either through segregation or an attempt to keep them in the position of hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Psychologically, the presence of a mass of primitive peoples has prostituted the dignity of labour and practically driven white labour out of the market, not that climate or conditions of the country make it impossible, but it is not consistent with the white man's status to perform any form of manual work except the highly skilled. Both economically and morally this creates an almost insuperable problem.

The Christian line of conduct is thus seen to be more difficult than usual, and the tendency is to stifle fair thinking and to put off any attempt to solve these problems to the far future. But the problem is actually here and now, and if the present generation does not face up to it the future will have a bitter legacy to inherit.

### Brave Building

To these problems, thinking fairly, loving widely, and building bravely, provide the key; and the earnest attempt an increasing body of Toc H members is making in the forging of this key is a real joy and the complete justification for the seed planted by Uncle Harry throughout this vast continent. Toc H in South Africa is as great and gallant an adventure as anywhere in the world, perhaps greater for the peculiar difficulties it has to face. Toc H is in at the birth of a nation—it is there and cannot deny or shirk its responsibilities, nor is there any desire to do so. You at home can help not least by your prayers, corporate and individual. South Africa looks to the country where Toc H was born for inspiration and help; some of those who have gone out from home have done and are doing yeoman service; some, alas! have fallen by the wayside.

May I, then, ask another thing of you: That if any members of Toc H are going out to South Africa to settle, they will make every effort to pull their weight in the family there? If this cannot be, then it were better, I am sure, to resign from Toc H before going out, because they look eagerly to you as fellow builders. When I left, an earnest effort was being made to agree on a national constitution which would strengthen the links in the chain of Toc H across South Africa and help in the forming of a national mind and policy in consideration of the great problems with which they are and will be faced. The family idea is at the very heart of Toc H, and everything must be done to strengthen it if it is to do the task with which it is faced. It means facing up to the big questions of distance and of finance, but I know the will is there and the solution will be found.

Fellowship is strong. I found it there when clouds seemed black indeed; service is being done quietly and efficiently, and above everything else I believe the deeper meaning and purpose of Toc H is gradually penetrating individual hearts and minds. I have found great happiness in my work there: I would that it had been more efficient. It may be that I may have a further opportunity of trying to help; but if this is not to be, I am confident that others better fitted will be found and, under God, Toc H will go on from strength to strength. R. C. G.

### IN MEMORIAM

BY the passing over of their President and founder, Woodbridge and District have sustained a great loss. Sir BASIL CANE came to live in the district seven years ago on his retirement as Governor of Zanzibar. Sincere English gentleman that he was, his zeal would not let him rest, and he not only worked for Toc H but for every organisation that needed help, both in sport and philanthropy. He was a great personality, with sterling qualities and true Christian principles, which shone in all he said and did. Early in the year when he became ill he handed over to the treasurer the amount needed for a Lamp, and Woodbridge hopes before long to earn the "Basil Cane Lamp" and to be true guardians of its flame.



## A BAG OF BOOKS

### "The London Boy"

*London Below Bridges : its Boys and its Future.* By Hubert Secretan. Geoffrey Bles. 3s. 6d.

**B**ERMONDSEY is but one corner in the immense and various maze of London South of Thames. And yet there is no South London name better known to the outside world—and known not only for the reproach of its poverty but for the light and hope which the constructive work of many years has brought to its problems. Bermondsey has indeed a literature of its own, above that of its neighbouring boroughs. In 1911 came Alec Paterson's *Across the Bridges*, a book new in its human handling of the poor, not as "cases" but as neighbours and friends. In 1912 there followed *The Royal Road*, a novel too little known, of Bermondsey life, by that gentle and austere lover of men and dogs, Alfred Ollivant. In 1913 Marjory Hardcastle produced *Halfpenny Alley*, the story of the narrow court beside the grim "buildings" in which Alec Paterson then lived, and it was natural that he should write the introduction. Then came the War, and with it far-reaching changes in the daily standards of life in Bermondsey, as in every other place. The old picture called out for someone to paint it anew. This is the task which Hubert Secretan has undertaken, and to it he has brought many years' experience as a citizen of Bermondsey and a lover of his fellow-citizens, especially the boys. Alec Paterson, who no longer lives there (he left after 21 years), once more writes the introduction—and so the links are still intact in a chain which has so firm a connection with the history of Toc H from the beginning. The author himself, Secretary of our Schools Section, writes in his preface: "There is no explicit mention of Toc H in this book. But I do not think my fellow-members will fail to find in it a recognition of the things they stand for." And the book, indeed, is not just a delightful occupation for our members' spare hours, but an urgent call to some of them for immediate service.

*London Below Bridges* does not pose the tangle of South London, from outside, as a problem. It places it before you, from inside, as a living scene. Here you will find no diagrams or tables of statistics, no references to Government Blue Books. The struggle and the humour of the South London lad, his faith and his failures, are here written in the lives of Tommy Cox and Charlie Goodlake and Ginger Rugg, at home and at school, round the lamp-post and at work, in club and camp, and chapel, in sickness and in "trouble" as well as in happy times. And all the while there is a quiet but firm insistence on what they lack and what some of us could help to give them. This is a book for every Toc H member to read not only (as used to be said) "for information," but also, in whatever way is open, "for necessary action."

### "Bang went Saxpence"

**A** NEW series of little books, varying much in size, shape and subject, but all, we may be sure, of the liveliest interest to Toc H members, is making its appearance from All Hallows. The first two have already received notice in these pages (see June-July JOURNAL, p. 241). These have been eagerly bought by members and the next two now about to appear will doubtless be as well received. The books, which are very attractively printed and produced, will cost 6d. each—hence the title "*The Bangwent Series*." The series opens as follows:—

I. *Gen : in Four Fyttes.* A wholly delightful picture of Private Arthur Pettifer ("The General") of the Buffs. Tubby's batman officially, more actually the factotum in Talbot House, Poperinghe, in war-time, in Mark I during its early years and of All Hallows nowadays.

II. *Why men love England.* An address given by Sir Kenyon Vaughan-Morgan, M.P. (a member of the House of Commons Group of Toc H) at the opening of Tubby's new children's playground "Dingley Dell" on Tower Hill last summer. The preface is a fascinating description by Tubby himself of the part Tower Hill has played in English history.



And now the latest additions to the series :—

III. *The Salient Facts*, being facts about the Ypres Salient, specially for the use of our pilgrims going to Talbot House, Poperinghe. The writers are Padre G. H. Woolley, V.C., and Tubby, and Paul Slessor, as Secretary of the Old House Committee, adds a note. There is also a sketch map. This is not a guide—there are plenty of such to the Salient—but a reminder of the outstanding events which took place there in the war and of the real meaning and inspiration of this historic ground to those who visit it in the right spirit to-day. It is sure of a big demand among pilgrims in the Old House itself, but it should find many readers beforehand, in preparation for their experience in Flanders.

IV. *Fishers of Men*. Tubby, who has spent a good many intervals during the past Summer in the Old House, either among crowds of Toc H pilgrims or quietly with one or two, has put together some notes on the things uppermost in his mind while there. These are more particularly “addressed to his fellow-servants in Toc H, especially to those clergy and ministers of religion who are sharing the pastoral responsibility of the movement.” By them—and not only by them—the publication of *Fishers of Men* will be eagerly awaited.

Single copies of the *Bangwent Books* cost 6d. each : Branch and Group Secretaries can have them at 5s. per dozen. They may be ordered either from All Hallows Porchroom, Byward Street, E.C.3., or from Toc H Headquarters.

### At the Pictures

*Birmingham Cinema Enquiry Committee. Report of Investigations, April 1930-May 1931. Price 2d.*

A SMALL committee of Birmingham citizens set out last year to find out what picture-goers really thought of “the pictures.” They got together a team of investigators, they secured an ample supply of essays from children at school on the subject, they got evidence from young men and women of about twenty and from a representative section (ages 16-40) of a local factory. All contributors were asked to send in their material anonymously, so that a fairly frank comment is the result. And although there is ground for a suspicion that some of the investigators have taken their evidence a bit too seriously, and sometimes find harm where there may be none, the impression still stays in one’s mind that we have here a great industry which actually appears to be not at all above deliberately cheapening the ideal of boys and girls, and of adult people too, for the sake of the threepences and one-and-twopences it can lay its hand on.

Reports from adults stress the debilitating effect of sex and murder as staple diet in people’s entertainment, and constructively ask for films with a higher standard of morality, with clean humour and with less emphasis upon crimes of violence. The children’s evidence makes it clear that they get a varied set of impressions from the films. Some have learned “about aeroplanes,” “to look after poultry,” “clever inventions” and all manner of other useful things. But most of them claim to have learned “about stage life,” “how the rich live” and about “life in Chicago and in the underworlds of London and Paris.” In a mixed group of 165 boys and girls, aged 11-13, the order of popularity of types of film is : Comedy, adventure, detective, love stories, cowboy, history, Nature. One boy of twelve says that he goes to the pictures because “it is a relief to the mind” while another of thirteen rather pathetically says he goes “for beauty.” But the three main categories of reply to the question “Why do you like going ?” are “for interest,” “for amusement” and “to pass the time.” Which is probably pretty much what most of us would say.

This report will do a great service if it becomes, as its authors hope it will, the prelude to a nation-wide enquiry into the Cinema, which will issue in its turn in action to secure that when we go to the pictures we can get, without any unpleasant backwash, good honest enjoyment for our money. And that is a commodity which the Cinema industry is quite capable of supplying, and supplying well, if only it cared to do so.

R. C. T.

# TWO OR THREE PRAYERS FOR THESE DIFFICULT TIMES

## A PRAYER IN TIMES OF CONTROVERSY.

*That we may be no longer children . . . but speaking the truth in love may grow up in all things into Him which is the Head, even Christ.*

O JESUS CHRIST, Who hast sanctified all conflict for the truth, grant us when we strive with one another to be mindful of what spirit we would be. Drive far from us the evil powers of distrust, suspicion and contempt. When we differ let us not condemn. Make us patient in argument, generous in judgment, slow to wrath. As Thou givest us to see the right, make us strong to maintain it, yet also to be seekers ever of Thy peace, that so by the power of Thy love we may fulfil Thy faith in us, and attain Thy hope that we shall be perfect, even as our Heavenly Father is perfect. *Amen.*

## A PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.

*What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it? Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?*

BEHOLD, O our God, our strivings after a truer and more abiding order. Give us visions which bring back a lost glory to the earth, and dreams which foreshadow that better order which Thou hast prepared for us. Scatter every excuse of frailty and unworthiness; consecrate us all with a heavenly mission; open to us a clearer prospect of our work; give us strength according to our day gladly to welcome and gratefully to fulfil it; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

## A PRAYER OF HOPE.

*Why are ye fearful? Have ye not yet faith?  
Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.  
Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.*

GOD, the Eternal, Almighty and most loving Father, plant in our souls the promise of Thy kingdom; open our eyes to see the holy city coming down out of Heaven from Thee, for Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory; in Thee alone is our true life, and for Thee we would live; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

## AN EVENING PRAYER FOR TOC H.

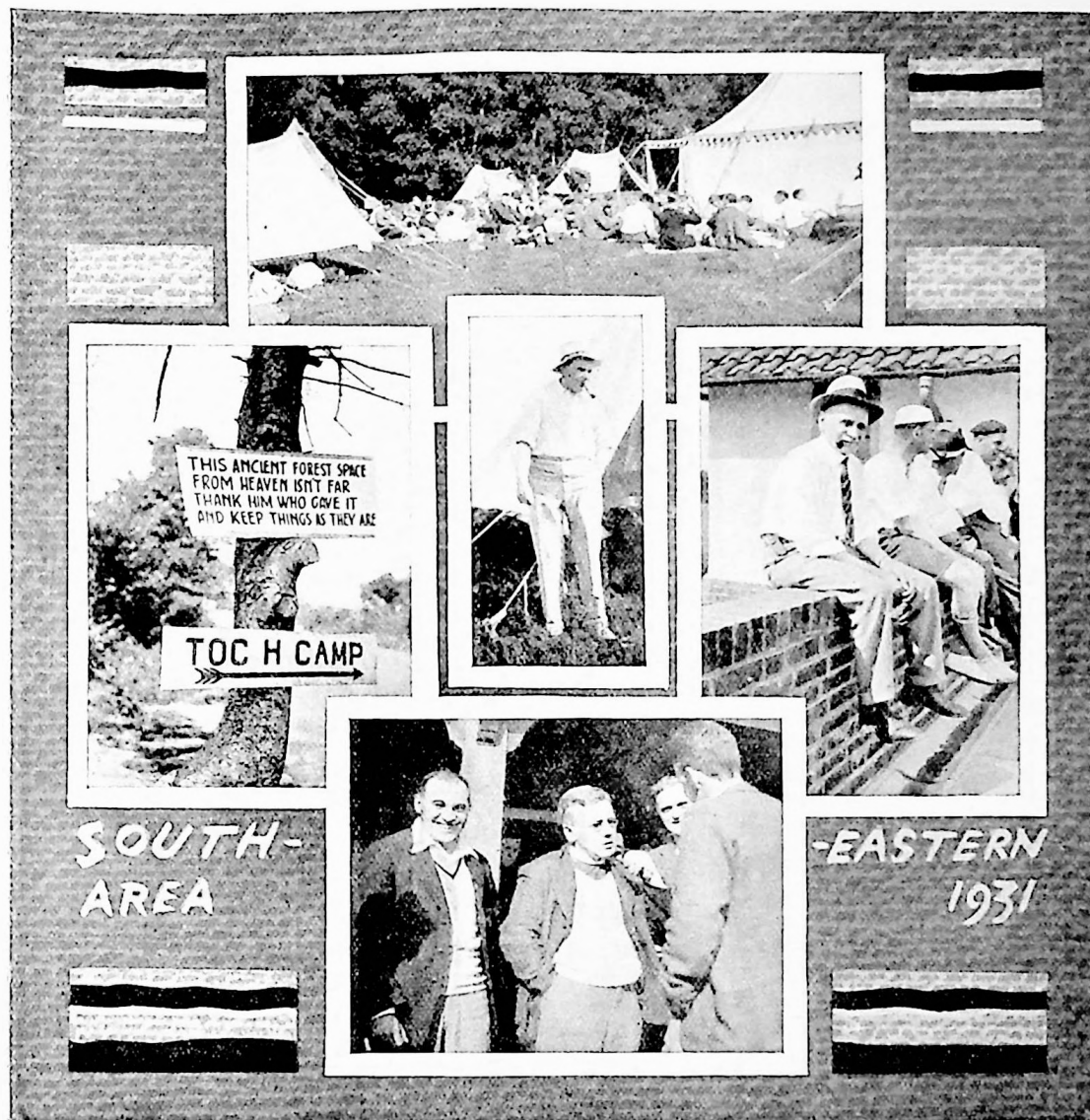
*(Adapted from R. L. Stevenson.)*

LORD, ere men sleep, purge out of every heart the lurking grudge, cause injuries to be forgot and benefits to be remembered. Frustrate the evil will of man; and in all of good, further their endeavours. Make it Heaven about them, by the only way to Heaven, forgetfulness of self. For our friendly helpers in the far parts of the earth, who are now beginning the labours of the day what time we end them, and for those with whom the Sun now stands at point of noon, bless, help, console and prosper them. Keep them in life, keep them in growing honour.

Let peace abound in our small company. Recreate in us through Toc H the soul of service, the spirit of peace, the sense of joy. May we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation and in changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another.

As clay to the potter, as the windmill to the wind, as sons to their sire, we beseech this of Thee, through Jesus Christ Our Lord. *Amen.*

*Unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to His power that worketh in us, to Him be glory in the Church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations for ever and ever. Amen.*



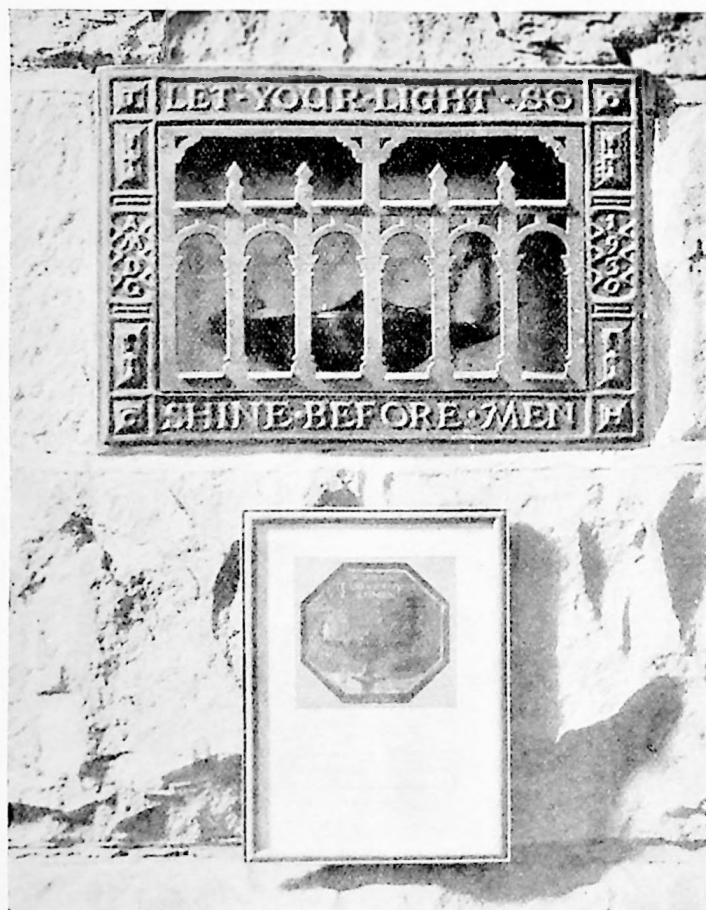
*Top* : WEST-SURREY DISTRICT RALLY at Cobham—Breakfast.

*Centre* : TUNBRIDGE WELLS DISTRICT RALLY in Ashdown Forest.

*(Left)* The Camp Notice. *(Middle)* The Area Padre. *(Right)* Owen Watkins & Co.

*Bottom* : CANTERBURY DISTRICT RALLY at Bishopsbourne—Tubby and Gilbert Williams tackle the District Chairman.

*(See South-Eastern Area Despatch, p. 475.)*



THE FIRST LINK IN THE CHAIN.

*The Provincial Lamp of the Transvaal in its Casket, built into the wall of All Souls' Memorial Chapel, St. Mary's Cathedral, Johannesburg, which is the starting point of the World Chain of Light this year.*

## THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT

**B**EFORE this page meets the eyes of most readers the Chain of Light will have completed its course, starting up in successive points of flame all round the globe and fading out again. The light of Lamp and Rushlight makes its third world journey to symbolise the unity of Toc H in all lands.

### The First Chain in 1929

The idea originated, and the first Chain was started, as many will still remember, in Australia. At 9 p.m. on May 14, 1929, the ceremony of Grand Light in St. George's Cathedral, Perth, Western Australia, was the signal for the Chain to be made, link by link, all round the earth in the twenty-four hours which followed. All the Lamps and Rushlights of Toc H Australia, with the banners of their units, moved in solemn procession. The Forster Lamp, the central symbol of Toc H in the Commonwealth, brought from its shrine in Newcastle Cathedral, N.S.W., was first lit by Sir William Campion, Governor of W.A., and Federal President of Toc H. He handed tapers kindled at this single flame to the Guards of the Lamp, with the words "Take these emblems of sacrifice and service, and with them begin that Chain of Light which during the next twenty-four hours will encircle the globe in memory of the sacrifice of our Elder Brethren, as an incentive to all members of Toc H to follow them in the path of service." And so the light sped westwards as one unit after another took it up, standing to Lamp or Rushlight at 9 p.m. that night, while the world turned and the clock changed. If anyone could have hovered high above our Earth, with sight keener than any eagle, he would have seen the tiny point of fire spring to life in Malaya, be seen again in Ceylon and the great cities of India, pass to the East African coast, twinkle across Rhodesia and South Africa to the West Coast, and at the same time from Egypt to Belgium, and burst into a great irregular constellation in the British Isles. A pause as the light crossed the dark Atlantic (and even there men on ships had Toc H in mind that night) until it touched the coasts of America, North and South, and ran from point to point from the Eastern cities of Canada and the United States to Vancouver on the West and from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso. And now the next day was coming. By 9 p.m. on May 15 the light had crossed the Pacific and was burning in New Zealand, then to Tasmania and the Eastern states of Australia and so across that great Continent to its starting point at Perth on the Western seaboard. At 9 p.m. that night a public Guest night in the ballroom of Government House witnessed the light received back again after its long journey. Once more the Lamps and Rushlights of Australia were drawn up in readiness. The "Spirit of Light" spoke the last words of the Epilogue from the old Toc H *Masque of Light*—"Light up your Lamps, lift up your hearts to Him"—and once more Sir William Campion handed lighted tapers to the waiting Guards of the Lamp—this time with the words "Light, then, these Lamps and Rushlights, which stand here to-night as the last link in the Chain of Light which has in the last twenty-four hours encircled the globe and which stands to us all assembled here as a world gesture of remembrance and love." Thus was the first Chain completed in 1929. Over the dais at Government House that May evening there shone the words "On Guard for Duty," and it must not be forgotten that night after night, not only at festival time, this is true of Toc H. Night after night all the year round our eagle-eyed observer hovering above the Earth, would see the lights spring up in irregular succession over many lands, as men stood in darkened rooms around their Lamp or Rushlight for the family ceremony.

### The Second Chain in 1930

Many members still retain the picture in their minds of how they forged one more link in the 1930 Chain of Light in their own Branch or Group, and a great assembly received it back at the end of the journey. But only a few, greatly privileged, saw it start. At 9 p.m. on Friday, December 5, the Lamp was lit at the very heart of Toc H, the Upper Room of the Old

House at Poperinghe, by the hand of Tubby himself, its Founder Padre. Only a bare fifty Foundation Members were present, and they had needed all their resource to get there in time against thick fog in the Channel and across the fast-frozen roads of Northern France. All the way from home they had guarded a tiny flame, lit in a ship's lantern, from which the Lamp at Poperinghe was to be kindled—the flame which came direct from the Prince's Lamp, the parent of all Toc H lights, burning perpetually in the shrine of All Hallows by the Tower of London. No one who was present in the Upper Room that night will ever forget the moment in the dark stillness when the little golden flame flickered into life, lighting up the familiar furniture of the place, casting great shadows about the hangings of the Carpenter's Bench, and showing to each other the faces of a semi-circle of friends—and to their mind's eyes clearly completing the circle by revealing a great host, their presence felt, themselves unseen, of the Elder Brethren who had once worshipped here and passed on. In this high attic, above the roofs of a sleeping Flemish town, the fifty friends seemed to look out, as from a watch-tower, over all the world of Toc H and to "follow the gleam" as the Chain of Light was woven fast from land to land. Next night, December 6, they were to see the light come home after its journey—in the crowded Albert Hall where the London family of Toc H assembled for its Birthday Festival.

### The Chain of 1931

This year the scene of the *first* lighting is changed again. At 9 p.m. on November 2, as members everywhere already know, the Transvaal Provincial Lamp, enshrined in All Souls' Memorial Chapel at St. Mary's Cathedral, Johannesburg, will be lit to start the Chain. Hundreds of units in Great Britain, West Africa, Canada, the U.S.A. and South America in succession will follow with the flame of Lamp and Rushlight as the hands of their clocks point to 9 p.m. Without interruption (but now it will already be November 3) their brethren in New Zealand, Australia, Malaya, India and Ceylon, East and South Africa, Rhodesia, Egypt, Malta, Germany, Belgium and France will take up the tale. And that night, too, the light will be received back again in All Souls' Chapel at Johannesburg.

It will be some time before any description of the scene in Johannesburg can reach us, but a few facts about it are already known and will help to fill up the picture in anticipation. The Lamp will be lit on November 2 by Padre H. R. Barrish, Minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, from Potchefstroom, the Transvaal's newest unit. Sir Herbert Stanley, British High Commissioner in South Africa, has agreed to receive the light back on the night of November 3. Before the ceremony at 9 p.m. he will give an address in the Chapel. This will be broadcast by the African Broadcasting Company from the Johannesburg station: it is expected to be "on the air" punctually at 8.45 by South African time (6.45 p.m. by Greenwich time) and English listeners, if they are very skilful or very lucky, may pick it up on the short wave at 49.4 metres. In connection with the Toc H celebrations in Johannesburg a "Work of Courage" has been arranged at which it is hoped that some distinguished party leaders will speak on world peace: an all-night vigil of Toc H members in All Souls' Chapel on November 10-11 will be the culmination.

In words which Tubby wrote *last* year, to lead up to the word of command "Light!":—

*Now let the loving-cup of fire  
Be lifted over land and sea.  
Now may the faith of friends inspire  
Our scattered souls with unity.  
For other men's to-morrows, these  
Broke from their dreams, made brief their day.  
Heirs of their spirit will not please  
Themselves, but school themselves, and say—*

"LIGHT"



## MULTUM IN PARVO

Two important additions to the personnel of the Central Executive Committee are announced this month. The first is Sir WILLIAM CAMPION, who will also function as *Hon. Overseas Commissioner for Australia*. Sir William is the late Governor of Western Australia, as well as President of Toc H in that State. The second is Captain RODNEY SCOTT, R.N., who, when Commander of the *Ramillies*, was a member of the first Toc H unit in the Navy. His speech will be recalled by all who were present at the Family Gathering in the Agricultural Hall in June.

Sir HERBERT STANLEY, former President of Toc H Ceylon, now British High Commissioner in South Africa, has taken over from Ronald Grant, whose new sphere of activity we announced last month, as Hon. Headquarters Commissioner for the Union of South Africa and Rhodesia.

Padre T. C. C. BROCHNER was, in October, instituted and inducted Vicar of Milborne St. Andrew-with-Dewlish. He will still remain on the Southern Area Executive Committee.

Two important Area Festivals have been arranged for December. Lord GOSCHEN is the principal speaker at the *Yorkshire Area Festival* at Leeds on December 5 and 6. On the Saturday afternoon the title deeds of Brotherton House will be handed over to Toc H. The *North Western Area* is holding high Festival at Liverpool on December 12 and 13. It is hoped that LORD DERBY will be the chief guest. The formal opening of Gladstone House will take place on the 12th.

Other arrangements so far are, *Northern Area Festival* at Newcastle, at which BARKIS will speak; *Southern Area* on December 5 and 6, with General Sir CHARLES ("TIM") HARRINGTON, and GILBERT WILLIAMS; *South Wales* at Cardiff; and *Scotland* at Glasgow on December 19-20, with BARCLAY BARON.

TUBBY hopes to be present at the *East Midlands and Lincs Area's* production of "The Light of the Lamp" on November 11.

Your attention is drawn to the change of address of MARK I INDIA, which is now 212, Lansdown Road, Calcutta.

## THE OPEN HUSTINGS

### The Day's Pay

The Editor,  
TOC H JOURNAL

Treasury Chambers,  
Whitehall, S.W.

DEAR SIR,

I am desired by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th October enclosing cheques for £1 2s. 6d., £1 1s., and 12s. 8d., a £1 note and a postal order for 7s. 6d., representing one day's pay of each of five members of Toc H as a contribution to the National Funds.

Mr. Snowden would be very much obliged if you would convey to the donors his thanks for this gift, and his warm appreciation of the public spirit which prompted it.

Yours faithfully,  
J. H. WOODS.

SIR,

Re letter in October JOURNAL—since H.E.B., C.M. and R.E.W. demand one day's pay, together with the reminder "If a man compel you to go with him a mile, go with him twain," herewith find remittance representing two days' pay.

ANON.

\* \* \*

DEAR EDITOR,

(Enclosing a cheque for £2 5s. od.) With apologies and in continuation of letter from H.E.B., C.M., R.E.W., on p. 421 of October TOC H JOURNAL. I feel that contributions should go in bulk through Toc H H.Q.

Yours,

\*\*\*\*\*

Many letters for this page are unavoidably held over until next month.

## DESPATCHES OF THE MONTH

*Letters from the North-Western Area and Ireland will appear next month.*

### From London

AS members of the London Area Executive trooped up the stairs from the "Crypt" and out into Francis Street at the close of their September meeting, it is rumoured that at least one of the older "greybeards" among them was heard to murmur "Change and decay in all around we see." While even the younger to whom variety is still the very spice of life were nonplussed by the news which had been burst upon them. Coming events cast their shadows before them, and perhaps, when the August issue of the JOURNAL came out with an article headed "Rex: Five Minutes with the Great," we should have been forewarned.

The news that as from October 12, Rex Calkin would no longer be London Secretary but would become Deputy Administrator, specially charged with the care of Toc H in the various Areas in this country, was news that we in London received with mixed feelings. Perhaps we may be forgiven for dwelling at the moment rather more on our own loss than on the gain to Toc H as a whole. For almost seven years Rex has been the father of us all, and while we took it as but in the natural course of events that padres should come and padres should go, we assumed that Rex would be with us for ever. And now—! Of his work for London Toc H it is impossible at this moment to form a just appreciation; suffice it to say that the fact that the whole Area stands on such firm foundations and is so wisely organised that it is hardly conscious of being organised at all, is some measure of the success of his work. But even more than what he has done for us is what he has become to us. It is of the man himself we think as we part with him. The biographer of Robert Louis Stevenson says of him in one place: "To do the work he did was an amazing achievement, but to be the man he was was an achievement even greater," which thing is a parable.

### General Post

The same meeting of the Central Executive which appointed Rex to be Peter's right hand assistant appointed Alec Churcher to succeed him as London Secretary. In the support and backing which the London membership is waiting to give him, Alec will find some measure of the place he already has gained in our affections. A word of welcome, too, to Geoff Martin who comes from the Overseas Office to help Alec in the London Office and to widen the horizon of us all, and to "Jolli" Walker who after having been with us for two months is now initiating Mrs. "Jolli" into the duties of a Toc H widow. Nor are these all the changes, for we welcome in addition Padre R. C. Thompson ("Thompy") who, while living at Mark II, will be working largely in East London, and Padre J. R. Lewis who is already getting known in the South and South East London and Croydon Districts.

A previous London Letter referred to "this enormous Babel of a place" which we call London. Many of the problems which confront us in the building of Toc H are directly traceable to this fact. As Toc H grows and extends, so we become more conscious of the limitations which the size of the Area imposes upon our ideals. Time was when the old London Federation Committee could be said to be representative of the family in London. This year the London Area Executive has been very conscious that its size has impeded the efficiency of its working. Reluctantly it has been driven to face in 1932 the need of committing suicide to the extent of one third of its present strength. Yet this is no permanent solution of the problem, it merely removes one degree further away the close and intimate contact between the Area Executive and the local units, and means that less than ever will it be a representative body. Already there are those who, looking far ahead into the future, see London not as one Area but as several—undesirable perhaps, but inevitable as Toc H begins to touch rather more than its present infinitesimal percentage of those who dwell in this great city.



"The London Toc H Magazine," which made its bow in April, is now firmly established and grows in usefulness with each succeeding issue. It still has much to achieve before it can be called really worthy of London, but with new districts continually being formed, and new "groves" springing up in some of the many suburbs still untouched by Toc H, the need for an efficient link between the units scattered all over the Area becomes increasingly apparent.

For some time now the largest single District has been that of the East, reaching from Tower Hill to Southend, and from Woodford to Tilbury. October has seen the "hiving-off" of two of the five Sub-districts into which for some time the Eastern District has been subdivided. South-East Essex and the Forest have grown up, and have assumed the rights and privileges of adolescence. Before long there may be yet another fusion.

In all this quarter of London, as indeed in many other parts, "there are places which are neither London nor country, but mere aggregations of dwellings, some municipally owned and some being purchased by weekly instalments, which, mushroomlike, have sprung up in a night. Scores of names leap to the mind which but a few years ago were unknown beyond the parish pump." To these new Districts just created in the East, and to some others like the Watlings and West Middlesex (whose journalist is responsible for the above quotation) there belongs the difficult problem of trying to get Toc H going in these new suburbs; "a glorious field for personal and corporate endeavour," but a heavy task for a new District Committee to tackle. But as someone has said "if it may not be youth's privilege to be always wise, it ought to be youth's equipment to be always enterprising."

### Training

That we may be wise if not "always," at least as often as possible, the programme for Wapping Training Week-ends has been thoroughly revised in the light of two years' experience of the things that District Officers—and others—want to know. The first of the new series took place on October 24-25: and the programme both for the Members' Training Week-end and for the District Officers' or Leaders' Week-end is planned so that as much practical help as possible may be given, and also the Christian ideals behind much of our rather glib talk may become apparent.

The orgy of camps which has gone on throughout the summer has not been without its results. It has meant more than the renewing of old friendships and the forming of new ones; as we have sat down in companies on the grass that the loaves and fishes might be passed round, we have found the life of the camp really uniting us into an active working team. Especially when the camp has been small, composed perhaps largely if not entirely of members of a District Committee, has the discovery of the team spirit been peculiarly real. Croydon made it in July on the Wey, and the North Middlesex Committee certainly discovered it—though theirs was the comfort of Pierhead House rather than the stern simplicity of camp—at their week-end in October. Of this latter gathering, the success of which was largely due to Rex—his "swan song"—much might be said. The findings were not such as can be tabulated, but during it there came a very definite appreciation of the District Team's corporate responsibility for the maintenance and growth of the life of the District, and of the resources which are available for that task if men work together as a team.

In other Areas preparations are by now well in hand for the celebration of the birthday of Toc H in December by Area Festivals. In London with the memory of last year's big Festival in St. Paul's Cathedral and the Albert Hall still vividly in mind, and with the Crystal Palace Festival so recently experienced, Birthday celebrations are to be by means of District Guest-nights, held in the week commencing December 5. "Festivals are ordained to serve God onlie," and the attempt to arrange a big Area Festival for London this December would have been neither for the glory of God nor for the good of the membership. Inevitably it would

have meant, for instance, that time and energy which it is essential to bend to the improving of the quality of jobmastery would have gone into selfish channels. The Area Executive has bidden us to pay special heed at these Birthday Guest-nights to recalling the early history of Toc H, its challenge and its inspiration. In some cases Districts which were formerly united but are now separated are combining for this occasion.

We do not always realise what a far-reaching effect underlying principles have on practical problems. Much thought is being given at the moment to the quality and effectiveness of our service. Words and phrases like "stickability" and "training for jobs" are all the vogue. It is good that this note should be struck. But what we want even more is a new vision of why we do jobs at all. Lowell's poem "The Vision of Sir Launfall" has much to say to us. So long as our service is mere humanitarianism, so long will the story be one of humiliation and failure. Only as we begin to hear in the call to serve the Scout Troop, the Blind Club, or the Cripples' Parlour, the call to serve Him who is "the onlie beggetter of all true service" will there come the patience and the power to see things through to the end.

Alec Paterson at the Jobmasters' Conference at Aldenham in June (by the way has ever the accommodation of a camp approximated more nearly to that of the Ritz than that provided by Radlett on this occasion?) not only threw down a challenge searching in the extreme, but opened a vision which will undergird the personal activities of many jobmasters throughout this winter. Since then some score of jobmasters who were new to the office and very conscious of their own inadequacy, gathered at Wapping to learn from experienced old hands like Basil Tilley how better to help their fellow members to pay their rent due. District "meets" of jobmasters, too, held in many places, result in a pooling of ideas and an economy of resources.

### The Exchequer

"Honour to whom honour is due" is a wise motto. Up till now Treasurers have often not been given either the honour or the help that is their due. Too often the Treasurer is referred to very casually as being merely concerned with finance, "a rather unpleasant subject." Now the call has come to exalt the office of Treasurer, and to try to help those who are filling it to handle their many problems wisely. Whether "Everyman" can afford his club often boils down to the efficiency of the Treasurer, and his tact in dealing with individual members. An adequate sharing of the financial commitments of a unit can often be one of the most practical ways of making the family spirit not a phrase but a reality. Four meetings have been arranged for the month of November when Alan Stapely and others will place their wider experience at the service of those Treasurers who can come along.

This year in the matter of Pilgrimages to Poperinghe, London proved to be rather a slow starter, next year it is going to be far otherwise. Contrary fashion: "Thompy's" pilgrimage, which was cancelled owing to the economic crisis, promised to be the largest and most representative of the series—always excepting the large party which went over with Owen in August. Partly that those who have experienced together the quickening touch of the Old House may meet and share what has proved permanent in their common experience, and partly that the recruiting services of those who know what a pilgrimage can mean may be enlisted, there is to be a London Pilgrims' Reunion on December 1, when "Barkis," Paul Slessor and Alex. Birkmire have promised to join us.

My space is done, my time is run, and the tale is not yet told. A word of gratitude to Canon Brady for the many interesting and fascinating Guest-night Talks which he gave to Marks, and to Branches and Groups in many Districts, during the tenure of his service at All Hallows'. And so, Mr. Editor, back to our task till you ask again for news from this little village of ours, the task which makes Toc H unique, of "showing the intimate connexion between the spiritual and the human and the humorous."

NOT A COCKNEY.

## From the South-Eastern Area

LOOKING back over the past few months, we can in all humility say that we have made steady progress; although we have had our disappointments, they have been heavily outweighed by the increased spirit of loyalty and co-operation which has borne fruit in many encouraging successes. The District week-end rallies reported by all the Districts have proved a great help in promoting a wider conception of the bigness of our World Family (we were helped in this by the presence of many overseas members); they have also resulted in a deepening sense of the spirit of Toc H, and the increasing responsibility of every member.

Development has continued at an almost alarming pace and fifteen new Groups have been sanctioned since last December; besides this many more Groves have been started. This is all very encouraging, but the problem of producing and training fresh leaders is increasing. It is gratifying to note that District Committees are facing up to this, and are preparing and equipping themselves for the bigger responsibilities that lie ahead. The Area Staff have had reluctantly to curtail their unit visiting and development work, so that they can devote more time to District functions and specialised training; with this end in view they have arranged a Training Week-end at Bromley for all the Pilots in the Area, and this will shortly be followed by an experimental week-end for District Chairmen and Secretaries, quiet week-ends and similar affairs. Two Area Pilgrimages have been held during the year, and the inspiration gained by those taking part is already proving very helpful to many units; it is cheering to know that we have already had a number of applications for next year's Pilgrimages.

Our Area Executive have decided not to hold an Area Birthday, in view of the Family Festival having been held last June: they have recommended that Districts should hold special Guest Nights around the time of the Birthday, where possible neighbouring Districts combining, and many of these have already been arranged.

It has been felt that it would be good to let Districts contribute their own news this time, so our letter is divided up in that way and here it is:—

### West Surrey District

Although the period covered by this report includes the summer months, it cannot be said that the District as a whole has been inactive. Units are becoming, to use a psychologist's *cliché*, District-conscious, and that spirit is being increasingly reflected in District Guest Nights and other "shows."

Geographically the District is scattered, and until a few months ago included two Hampshire units—Aldershot and Farnborough which have now gone into the Southern Area. Although called the West Surrey District, it includes nearly all Surrey, and it is hoped soon to form a Provisional District for the East Surrey part.

At Farnham, in April, a good gathering listened to a fine talk by Todd Thornbery on three types of Brethren in Toc H—the Elder Brethren—Brethren who are now members—and Younger Brethren coming into the movement. He showed how all three might be linked together for Toc H and the things of God. Dorking received their Rushlight in the Spring and Tongham, a village near Farnham, have been "groping" steadily for some time, while there are the beginnings of a "grope" at Horley.

The second District Rally was held in the beautiful grounds of a private house between Byfleet and Cobham. A showery Saturday ended in a thoroughly wet evening, but, gathering in a marquee, the blokes had the pleasure of hearing "Appy" explain how Toc H can play a not insignificant part in shaping the national and individual character. Sunday dawned chilly but bright and later the sun "imploded" heartily enough for all meals and talks to be held outdoors. A good muster for early Celebrations was followed by a welcome *al fresco* breakfast,

and a useful morning session at which mixture of blokage in Toc H, inter-unit "implosions," and that inevitable bugbear—finance—were the subjects thrashed out. Mr. Seth-Smith, the generous host, attended the short camp service conducted by Gilbert Williams, and was plainly impressed by what he saw and heard. After a "free and easy" afternoon a very happy Rally ended in the early evening.

By the time these notes appear, a District Guest Night will have been held at Leatherhead, Len Forrer (Tunbridge Wells District Pilot) being the chief speaker. In conjunction with this Guest Night, held on the Saturday, a training week-end for leaders and prospective leaders has been arranged. A District Birthday Guest Night is to be held at Guildford, November 25.

Last year the entertaining of parties of children from Poplar, a "job" resulting from the initiative of Woking Group, was made an official "job" of the District, which also gives other help to Poplar. This summer four units instead of two gave the youngsters happy times in the country on two separate Saturdays. Practically all the eight units now correspond with overseas Branches and Groups, and some begin already to feel they know "their farthest kindred in Toc H." New jobs include blood transfusion service, painting a mission hall, boys' clubs started, and others helped with man-power, holidays and work for the blind, and Scoutmasters found. The finance problem has become less thorny with several units who have adopted the self-assessment system.

#### Bromley District

In July we "rallied" successfully at beautiful Oxted, and enjoyed the company of a hundred of our fellow members. The camp was rather damp, but Gilbert put on his best Hollywood smile and all went well. Dr. Leonard Browne gave us a fine talk on the Old House: Todd Thornbery brought us to present-day responsibilities: and Gilbert closed on Sunday with "We the task inherit." Oxted Group members worked like Trojans in the commissariat Department.

There has been much activity among our units in the entertainment of parties of children from less favoured spots than our own—Battersea, Nine Elms, etc. It is worth all the planning and preparation to see the kiddies enjoying the delights of God's countryside. One country unit knowing that many of their poorer children had never seen the wonders of London, decided to take a carefully chosen party, who were shown many of the places of interest, finishing up with the Zoo. This was so successful that they are already making plans to repeat it more than once next year.

We are "groping" strongly at Orpington, and although finding Westerham somewhat elusive, have not given up hopes there. Chislehurst enjoy a unique privilege in the right of use of the XVth Century Scadbury Manor Chapel, which has just been accorded them by the Lord of the Manor. The Chapel, although in the Parish Church of St. Nicholas, is extra-parochial. The first actual use of the Chapel will be for the World Chain of Light on November 2.

Members of most of our units have taken part in one of the three Area Pilgrimages to the Old House and the cause of Toc H is no little strengthened by our having these Pilgrims in our midst. The District Committee are keen to become more of a team, and with this end in view they spent an evening at the Area Padre's house in Bromley where fresh ideas and hopes for the future were discussed which no doubt will be beneficial to the life of the District. They are arranging a Birthday District Guest Night at Keston, on December 9, when Barkis will be the guest of the evening.

#### Tunbridge Wells District

Summer-time, or such as we have had, seems to be the anti-body of the Toc H Germ. During the last two months, the Branches and Groups have been quiet, chiefly due to the uncertainty of the attendance likely to materialise at any given show. Tonbridge, one of our latest Groves, has certainly started well, and the holding of a District Guest Night there recently

will do much to encourage them. Southborough are really an amazing Group, both for their size and for the remarkable mixture it can show; also their tackling of Tonbridge has been truly a fine piece of work. Sevenoaks are at the parting of the ways, so many of the older members having left and the newer ones still feeling their feet, but after receiving a series of jolts from Gilbert, their Jobmaster, an outside speaker, and a probationer, are doing some real constructive thinking. Dunton Green are holding their own, and now the winter will determine the value of the quiet work they have been putting in during the summer. Tunbridge Wells are very much alive, and have adopted the team idea in a slightly varied form which should work well; they are also trying the plan of opening the Toc H room every night, with one team in rotation on duty, which should bring them many new contacts in so large a centre as that. Other units are also watching this co-operation with the Sunday night "after church" effort with great interest, and will imitate them if and where possible. The country Groups beyond Tunbridge Wells are in a decidedly cheery state, and there seems to be no end to the new Groves in that district which mean to find themselves on the Toc H map.

Of the lighter side mention must be made; the District Rally, though nearly forgotten, did much to cement those real friendships which are of the gold of Toc H; whilst not a little wrath has been aroused by the participation of Toc H in Harlequin cricket matches, which, whilst provoking the loud laugh so beloved of a certain type of member, hardly seem to come within the apostle's conception of being "accounted fools for Christ's sake."

The outlook for this winter is full of promise, the Weald of Kent having slowly understood Toc H, seems to be sending out shoots in all directions from some strong root, and though some runners require pruning from time to time, the bush is slowly growing towards the stature of the fine tree we already visualise in some of our dreams.

#### Canterbury District

It is nearly a year since the old District was divided, and although it was a wrench, the expansion that has since taken place has proved the wisdom of doing so. We lost some experienced leaders at the time, but some keen men have been found to take their places, and we are gradually building up a good District team. We have suffered the loss of a great friend in Dr. Keane of Chilham, who joined the Elder Brethren in September; he took an active interest in Toc H, not only in his Group, but in the district as well, as being a member of the Area Executive, and everybody, especially Chilham, will miss him very much.

The need for training is being realised more and more, and last May some of the leaders from each unit spent an evening together at the Canterbury Branch Headquarters, and were joined by a few from the Dover District; the discussion about their problems and the exchange of ideas was found both interesting and helpful, and we hope that further experiments on these lines will be tried, as increased attention to leadership is essential to keep pace with the rapid growth. Recent new Groups to receive Rushlights are Herne Bay and Wye, whom we warmly welcome into the Family. We also have a sturdy Grove at Molash, whom we hope shortly to join up with Wye and Chilham as a Countrymen's Branch, and they are already in close touch with each other. We are also hoping to start a Grove at Margate this winter, where we have quite a number of contacts.

The big and memorable event in the District was our District Week-end Camp at the beginning of September; Sir John Prestige very kindly gave us permission to camp in Bourne Park near the charming village of Bishopsbourne, whose inhabitants, headed by the Vicar, were most hospitable; the village blacksmiths, for instance, allowing us to cook eggs and bacon for breakfast on Sunday for over 100 men on their forge fires and blowing the bellows for us. The great attraction was Tubby, whom we were privileged to have with us during the week-end; he was in tremendous form, giving two wonderful talks; many of us had not had the joy of

meeting him before, and somehow or other he managed to have a helpful chat with nearly everybody, a great example to us all of what can be done by personal contact. His inspiration will be of untold value in the great days that lie ahead of us.

#### Dover District

This District has been going for just under a year, and by now has got well into its stride. District Committee Meetings are well attended and lively; the meetings seem all too short sometimes. Business is condensed as far as possible, and the rest of the evening given over to discussion of such provocative matters as finance, training, jobs, unit programmes, etc. Since the training week-end at Dover last March, when Gilbert Williams, Garner Freeston, and Basil Tilley gave so much inspiration, and since receiving the reports of the Area Guard of the Lamp, the District has had training of leaders on the brain, and has realised that, as the Area Officer's time is limited, it must to a great extent run its own training efforts. This has resulted in several units having devoted week-ends or shorter periods to special efforts to strengthen their fellowship and understanding of the spirit of Toc H, and in the formation of a special District Training Committee, which has already arranged a week-end for selected members from each unit.

Pat Leonard was the chief attraction at a successful Summer Rally in July. Would he had been able to stay longer. The blokes slept on straw in a barn and did all their own cooking, with great enjoyment as well as economy as a result. A regular quarterly District "Show" has been decided upon.

A good deal of interest has been shown in "Social Survey" as a means of getting into closer touch with the life and needs of the place one lives in.

The need for a further clearing up of ideas about jobs is widely felt. Running Boys' Clubs seems to be fashionable and collecting money increasingly unpopular. Most units are now run financially on "self assessment" schemes, with altogether satisfactory results. Area finance has received much attention and several special efforts have been made towards making the Area self-supporting, with varying results. The ideal has by no means been reached yet.

The two big Branches are actively yet cautiously hiving off. They are not afraid of sending the best men on that job. Folkestone is fathering two Gropes, one at Cheriton, and one further afield in the country village of Lyminge, where there is much local keenness, lacking only experienced guidance. Dover's offspring last year, Buckland, is now a very active Group, and a new and promising Grope has been started at Maxton.

Three new Rushlights have been gained this summer, namely, Aylesham (an isolated mining village where there are many difficulties to contend with), Buckland and Deal-and-Walmer (pronounced as one word for Toc H purposes only). The senior Group, Hythe, have been very active in systematic training of leaders and probationers, and Sandwich shows evidence of a strong missionary spirit. The five Groups are growing slowly but steadily in membership.

Dover District will re-unite with Canterbury for a big Guest Night on November 26. Though experience has fully justified the splitting up of the old Canterbury District, it has meant some loss of contact with old friends; but they will all meet again on that night.

#### Maidstone District

The chief event during the last few months, which is still very much in our minds, is the District Week-end Rally at Minster, near Sheerness, which was successfully held at the end of September. The attendance was good, and the principal talks from the District Padre, Rev. F. W. Moyle, Len Forrer, and Dr. Macdougall were both helpful and inspiring; thanks to the fine weather, we also had plenty of the "lighter side," including a weird and wonderful football match, a mixture of "soccer" and "rugger" in which the whole camp took part. It was altogether a very happy and helpful week-end.

The District is steadily growing ; Sheerness received their Rushlight in May, and did splendid work in connection with the Rally. The Countrymen's Branch has now a new and strong Wing at Eynesford, a promising Grope at Bearsted, and hopes at Plaxtol and West Malling. Owing to its extensions the Branch is having to consider the desirability of dividing into two.

Maidstone have been carefully going through their membership and re-arranging it, so that the Branch membership shall contain only those who can take an active part in the Family life ; a number of those, who for adequate reasons are no longer able to do this, are seeking the privilege of transfer to the Area General Branch whilst still keeping in touch, as much as they can, with Maidstone.

Rainham Branch and Sittingbourne Group successfully ran their annual joint camp at Leysdown in August for poor boys drawn from both places ; they received a visit from the Area Padre, who spent a happy night with them. The enterprising Group in the British Legion village at Preston Hall have turned a stable into a comfortable recreation room, open daily, where the settlers and patients can read and write. Rochester Group are embarking on a "social survey" of their neighbourhood.

The District Committee have been working under difficulties owing to the loss of two District Secretaries in quick succession, but in spite of this they are facing up to the increasing work and responsibility ahead, and have shown their keenness by holding a "training night" to learn more about their work. They are hoping to hold their next District Guest Night early in the new year.

#### East Sussex District

Following a talk and discussion on the Countrymen's Branch system, we are expecting to join up some of the Groups in this District on these lines in the very near future, and no doubt this will be a great aid to getting Toc H under weigh in some of the villages which are as yet not linked up with our great Family.

Attendances at District functions have been very encouraging, especially at the Summer Rally in July, when, in spite of incessant rain, some fifty members were under canvas for the Saturday night, and about a hundred were present on the Sunday. All the catering arrangements were very capably carried through by the Battle Group, and a very useful week-end was spent both from the "getting-together" point of view, and from discussions and talks.

At the moment preparations are being made for a joint Guest Night with the Tunbridge Wells District at Wadhurst on December 2. This will be a welcome opportunity to make contact with members outside our own District, and so afford a chance of exchanging ideas, as well as chatting over problems.

Membership in the District is steadily increasing, and the Bexhill and Hastings Branches have got under consideration the question of directing their missionary spirit to starting new Groves in their neighbourhood. Some of their members were privileged to attend a Quiet Week-end under the guidance of Gilbert Williams at Elfnsward, the delightful Retreat House at Haywards Heath. Although it was quite a new experience to some, it was a happy time together, and all returned with a deeper realisation of the spirit of Toc H, and a keener desire to express it in their daily lives.

#### Mid Sussex District

This District is extending without any definite propaganda work on the part of Area or District officials. Eastbourne Old Town has been recognised as a Group, and its Rushlight presented by the Area Secretary and Area Padre at a very successful Guest Night. By the time this is in print, we hope that Hailsham will have gained their Group status, and Seaford getting well towards that stage. Brighton has a promising Grope going at Kemp Town, and Newhaven have held a preliminary meeting with view to beginning there.



Our first District Rally was held at Lewes, in practically the only fine week-end since June, which greatly simplified the organisation. A good deal of the success of the Rally was due to the splendid work done by the Lewes Branch. Barkis was the "waffler" in chief and was his own marvellous self. Oh! that he lived in our County. We are now looking forward to a Joint Guest Night with West Sussex in November, and are sure that these meetings are the best way of increasing the fellowship of the Family. It is also hoped to run a Training Week-end following the Guest Night.

More enterprise is being shown in jobs, which include a club for the Blind, Boys' Clubs, Scouts, and a general increase in work which brings us into closer personal contact with our less fortunate fellow-men.

Our district Committee is becoming more and more of a team, under whose guidance and help we are looking to the future with confidence and hope.

#### West Sussex District

Progress during the past six months has not been so great as could be desired, although steady work has been done in many directions. Hospital visiting (where possible) and Boys' Club work are well to the fore.

All Branches report good meetings despite the calls of the countryside; a very good sign being the interest taken in the reports of the Guard of the Lamp and also in finance. The latter is not easy, especially as the District is largely agricultural and consequently feeling the financial depression badly.

Worthing has been the best Branch for progress, several probationers having been secured and these of the right age. An invitation Builders' Meeting held by A. F. Randolph and addressed by Padre Williams was well attended and aroused a good deal of interest.

A great loss to the district was the leaving of W. G. Ducker, the District Secretary, whose business duties have taken him to Town. An inspiration to all who came in touch with him, he will be a hard man to follow. Fortunately, another enthusiast in E. R. Woolgar has stepped into the breach. Attempts are being made to enlist the villagers, and a Grope is in course of formation at Steyning, which is assured of a hearty welcome.

The Summer Rally at Coldharbour was splendid, but the attendance was not what it should have been. Those who were there to enjoy the welcome of Shiner, the talk of Todd Thornbery, and the companionship will testify to the loss of those who could not come.

That interesting Group at Lancing College, which is composed partly of the boys and partly of both the indoor and outdoor staff, held a most successful Guest Night in June at the College thanks to the kind hospitality of the Headmaster. There was a large attendance by members from all the nearby units who spent a happy evening with the boys. A Service in the beautiful School Chapel and a delightful talk by Barkis were greatly appreciated. A District Guest Night is to be held at Petworth on October 21, when the principal guest will be Sir William Campion. It is hoped to make a "bumper" evening of the occasion.

So much for the bright side of the picture. But there is another. The work is still too largely confined to a comparatively few keen members, who find it difficult to instil that real Toc H spirit of service into their fellows. The leaders would like to feel sometimes that they were being pushed by those eager to take their turn at the helm. One has to admit that the "leaping with joy to service" is, perhaps, sometimes more of a hop than a leap.

Another disquieting thought is that the younger men are not being secured as rapidly as they should be. Average ages are high, and show no signs of dropping. Does the fault lie with us who are getting into the "sere and yellow leaf"? Or are we failing to use the power of prayer to the full? Would that we knew the answers! It can at least be claimed that interest is being awakened in many different directions, and we hope for better things.



# THE FAMILY OVERSEAS

## Australia

A NEW Grope is on the map at Thebarton, as the result of a hive off from Adelaide Central Branch.

The conception of Toc H as Traveller's Joy has fired the imagination of the Kadina Group, who recently mobilised their members in sedentary occupations for the filling up of pot holes and general improvement of a local road.

Units in Tasmania were both complimented and at the same time pledged to a high standard of effort, when they received greetings from their Government, through the Chief Secretary of State, at their Federal Birthday Festival in May; the reason for the message being that any Government which had the welfare of the country at heart must realise that, in view of the principles that actuated its members, such a movement as Toc H was of immense value to the community. It could exercise a very powerful influence in leading the people in the right way. To-day gross materialism was very much in evidence, and it was refreshing to find an organisation with the ideals of Toc H.

## Canada

A fine for latecomers to the Group meetings is the latest bright idea from Edmonton. The art of being "punctually late" is justly treated as a luxury, and taxed accordingly. How many budgets could not be balanced by that method in many other units we wonder.

Last month Major F. V. Longstaff, Pilot of Vancouver Branch, B.C., introduced the Canadian notes with some facts about that vast country. He now sends "a second bundle of notes about what is hoped will aid members to understand some of the aspects of daily life in Canada."—

"Where do young people in Canada take their holidays? The majority would say 'in camp'—but the expression includes sleeping places which range from a large bungalow camp with central building for meals and dancing, to a simple canvas tent with a brushwood floor covered with canvas sheet. There are many grades of huts, some of several rooms and some of one room only; some can connect with electric light and running water, some have oil lamps and water brought in pails. The beds are nearly always on spring mattresses with blankets and rugs. From *holiday* camps we proceed to consider *work* camps of all kinds. Most work camps start with tents but soon wood floors appear, and lumber frames are put up to extend the tents to their utmost. Then come pack horses or wagons with planks of lumber which produce frame huts, large and small. These stages are found in mining camps, construction camps for waterworks and dams, railroad camps, 'cannery' camps, lumber camps and road camps. In each of these there are at least two important officers, the storekeeper who is also a certified first-aid man, and the cook, who has to be skilful in his own work and a lover of the great out-of-doors. In an engineering work camp there will be the resident engineer, the contractor's representative, the foreman, and the chief mechanic. Some large and permanent camps have married quarters for some of the chief officers. The storekeeper is generally the post-master as well, and has charge of the long distance telephone. In most work camps each worker brings his own roll of bedding and a pack sack or suit case with his working clothes, etc. There are few work camps to which men have to walk, there being either a motor stage, motor truck, motor launch, or logging train which will give the wayfarer a lift. But there are still camps where the wayfarer has to tramp the narrow bush and mountain trail while his bedding and pack may be taken on pack horse. One more note—Sunday is always washing day and everyone does his own washing. As a rule, the food and cooking at work camps are of the best, this being necessary to retain the workers and keep them happy."

## Africa

Promotion to Branch status was celebrated by Kimberley with spiritual and material refreshment in just proportions, on July 18th and 19th. The festival preachment by Padre J. Kennedy Grant, preceded by Grand Light, was given in the Presbyterian Church. Lamps from Bloemfontein, Orange Free State, and Griqualand West, and Rushlights from Barkley West and—as the new Lamp was still on the high seas—Kimberley, joined in the ceremony of re-dedication for the service of another year. The dinner in the Queen's Hotel afterwards was a prologue and inspiration to much eloquence, but although the toast list was longer than the menu, food, song, wit and wisdom conspired to make the happy man. A suitable ending to the Festival week-end was provided by the Delville Wood Day celebrations at the Cenotaph.

Umtali, *South Rhodesia*, reports steady progress and the pleasing increase of young members to the Branch, which is busily engaged in building its own home. The house-warming is provisionally fixed for the middle of December, in spite of temporary and unforeseen lets and hindrances.

To be the only unit in an area of 365,000 square miles is to experience a certain degree of loneliness. Such is the position of the Dar-Es-Salaam Group in the *Tanganyika Territory*, whose nearest neighbours are Mombasa and Nairobi, which makes implosions rather difficult. In spite of its membership being scattered and transport being difficult, this Group has built up a blokeage of thirty, holding meetings once a month.

The June number of the cyclostyled *Bulletin* of Nairobi gives some details of a job the Group has undertaken in the native location of Puwani, one of two native villages established by the township of Nairobi soon after the war. A small team of members goes out every Thursday to organise outdoor games for the boys and to teach them to "play the game," and runs a social centre in the Memorial Hall (erected in memory of natives who fell in the war) in which ping-pong, darts, "musical chairs" (to the beating of a stick on a chair) and a cinema are prime attractions.

Accra have tested their powers of entertainment by looking after the Naval Ratings of all ships visiting the port. The Group is now the proud possessor of its own headquarters, and private chapel. Mixture seems to be the keynote of the unit, as its membership ranges from the Colonial Secretary and Attorney-General, to representatives from Italy, Germany, France and Ceylon. A further encouraging point is that meetings are regular and weekly.

## India

Calcutta refuses to be static, and as a result Mark I. has removed to a new address (212 Lansdowne Road) which means a larger house in good repair, and a considerable compound with room for two tennis courts.

Two new jobs have been taken on. The first is the manning of a soup kitchen and the serving of a free meal to some of the many destitute Anglo-Indians and Europeans. This work is being carried out by the Calcutta Grope, without assistance from the Branch. The other job, and one which is staffed by both Grope and Branch, absorbing nearly every active member in Calcutta, is the running of a night shelter for the homeless. It was decided to open St. James's Church and to use the gallery as a sleeping place for homeless men, who otherwise would be spending the night on the Maidan. The great need in Calcutta of such a shelter is shown by the steadily increasing number of men who find their way to St. James's Church between 9 and 10 every night with the certainty of being undisturbed till 5.30 a.m. the following day. Toc H has taken charge, and two members are on duty every night from 9 p.m. till 5.30 a.m. They also sleep in the Church, dividing their watch into two shifts, one man always being awake.